

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE.

PUBLIC opinion is a resistless force. It will have its way. What all the people believe—is, or might as well be, until time and the operations of reason alter belief. In New York the idea got abroad that financial conditions were unsound and distrust at once rendered them unsound. The idea spread that catastrophes were coming, and catastrophes came forthwith. In a crowded hall some nervous person suspects that the building is on fire and whispers a word of alarm; a timid person starts for the door, and in a moment a contagion of fear has seized the whole mass of people. There is no real danger—no fire. Fear of danger causes panic and works murder, so that in the end more destruction is caused by the fear of fire than would have been wrought had a real fire done its worst to a people in full possession of their senses. Similar instances are abundant, showing that opinions are both infectious and contagious. Not only fear but courage and confidence are communicated from one to another as people rub shoulders. Breakfast is a meal pleasant or otherwise, according to the temper in which the head of the family descends the stairs. We see a religious revival sweep through a town picking up some of the most unlikely persons, the population being electric with a spirit of reformation. We see a boom in town lots start in a small way, and grow in spite of the discouraging smiles of the wise, until everybody is involved in it, and those who have most loudly denounced speculation differ from the rest only in this that they defer buying until the end and suffer most of the losses when the collapse comes. Few are immune when public opinion is fevered.

In New York there was a large instance of this, and from man to man doubt and distrust leapt like the fear of fire in a crowded hall. As in the case of a crowded hall the real peril was in the fear, not in the situation itself. In fact, the point is, that Prosperity is a state of mind. A financial depression is produced by a mood. We see, here in Canada, if we will but look about us, that there is nothing in the conditions of this country that need discourage anybody who was throwing out his chest and planning great things a few months ago. There will have to be a certain amount of waiting. Hands that were stretched out to do things will have to poise in the air, draw back and do something else for the moment, but projects need to be postponed, not abandoned. There is instruction for us in the news from New York. The race never gets so highly civilized but that it resorts to foolishness in its time of fear. It is said that since the people of New York made their ruinous run on the institutions where their money was deposited, expert financiers have been unable to account for \$200,000,000 of wealth that was in circulation a few months ago. They cannot locate this huge quantity of wealth which formerly was afloat to facilitate the business of the nation. As the dog hides his bone, as the besieged nobleman buried his plate in his castle yard or sunk it in the moat, as the people acted in the panic following after the South Sea Bubble, so they have acted in New York in the twentieth century. They have grabbed their own and salted it down—hidden their money in holes and corners, stuffed it away in secret places, withdrawn it from their own and from general use. It is, of course, the worst thing they could have done for their own and the general welfare. It renders doubly difficult, if not impossible, the efforts of the nation to recover its balance, and go forward again strong on its feet. If every man who sees a dollar seizes it, lugs it into his own private lair, hides it in the ground and sallies forth with his club to waylay another, anyone can understand how insufficient will soon prove that currency which has no value whatever except as a medium of exchange. It is unfortunate that at this late age of the world a whole population should exhibit the senseless acquisitiveness of the monkey.

IN Canada we can spread doubt and distrust and topple tall things down if we want to rummage in debris. Nothing easier. There is, however, one thing almost as easy and infinitely preferable, and that is to keep everything moving along, confident in the knowledge that no country on earth has equal reason with Canada to look forward to uninterrupted prosperity. We have got a country towards which the eyes of the world are turned. The migration of agriculturists from the United States into our western prairies has begun and will hasten the influx from Europe. The Republic within the past month has been brought face to face with the knowledge that its timber supply at the present rate of going will be exhausted in twenty years, a fact which at once puts a new value on Canadian forests. As regards pulp wood and therefore the paper supply of the continent, the control of the situation is now in Canada's hands and may be asserted when we choose. As a country the Dominion has just created a hill up which she has been laboring until now, and before us spreads a mighty fine view. Through the great West new railways are crawling, each opening up wheat areas larger and more fertile than a kingdom in Europe. Taking it all in all, Canada need but get her cash account straightened out, a little fixing and mending done, and we shall see such an advancement as we have not yet known.

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON, a Canadian who has made a name for himself, has just returned from several months' travel in the little known country a thousand miles north of Edmonton. The object of his journey was to study the animal life of the far north, and especially to learn whether buffalo herds were to be found there. He saw two small herds, and fancies there are more, but considers it improbable that they exist in large numbers. However, he confirms the story told by others that caribou in millions range that vast country which we call the Barren Lands. This traveller makes two statements well worth considering. He tells us that much of that country is far from barren, and that over wide plains one travels waist high in prairie grass. He tells us, too, of the Indians—how diseases are wiping them out. So bad is the condition that Mr. Thompson-Seton rarely saw among them a person of sound body. It was a sight to stir the

pity. An old chief complained to the traveller of the decline and decay of his people, and said with bitterness that he had asked again and again to have a doctor and a mounted policeman sent to him, but instead he only got—missionaries.

What an arraignment of the white race is the complaint of this old pagan chief, in lands we call barren, a thousand miles north of our newest railway, as he sits in his tepee and sees his people rot and decay from diseases they never knew until the white man came—strange diseases against which the herbs, songs and enchantments of the medicine man of the tribe are powerless—and yet when he begs for an officer of the law to protect his people against further wrong, and for a white doctor to cope with the white curses with which they have been afflicted, we send instead, missionaries! They need these teachers it is true. They need them urgently for they are dying rapidly. But they want to live as well as die. If we have destroyed their mode of life and imposed on them ours, is it not our duty to make our mode something less than murderous in its effects on them? It is well that good men should pray with these people as they die, and cheer their pagan hearts with news of eternal torment for the wicked and eternal joy for the unfortunate, the weak and the heavy-laden. It is a message well suited to their woes. Clapping it to them they may die in peace. It has often seemed to me that missionaries in seeking to convert the Indians, or the remnants of any other race blighted by contact with us, would make better progress if they

teen years, seven per cent. are reported sick or in poor health, and twenty-four per cent. are reported dead. Of a total of thirty-one pupils discharged from the File Hills school, all are dead but nine. In each case the cause of death is given as consumption or tuberculosis. Of the total attendance at fifteen schools twenty-four pupils out of every hundred have died either at school or soon after leaving; of the graduates of one school sixty-nine per cent. went almost direct to the grave. Even war seldom shows as large a percentage of fatalities as does the educational system we have imposed on our Indian wards.

Dr. Bryce condemns these Indian schools as lacking in ventilation, and one can see in his report a repressed impatience with the lack of ordinary intelligence in matters of health that he found in most of them. These young Indians are cooped up under conditions fatal to them, and Dr. Bryce says he was often "surprised that the results were not even worse than they have been shown statistically to be." He says the conditions demand immediate remedy. What remedy? He has the statistics before him revealing a condition disgraceful to the country, he has visited many of the schools and wonders that the death-rate is not greater than twenty-five per cent, and yet he recommends nothing. His report is printed, many people will scan the title on the cover, some will open it, a few will read it, and so the thing will drift along for another year. And so with the next year, and the year after.

Such will be the course of events—the protests of medical officers buried in blue books and the complaints

egg." Yet the village shook its head and said his was a sad case. Some people tried to talk seriously to him, and these he shocked by the levity of his replies. When his wickedness was alluded to in his presence he always laughed as if he liked it, and when sinners went to him for counsel he gave it like an expert. He had a bad reputation, and it was quite evident that he enjoyed it. He lives in the same place yet, has changed very little, still laughs and does not care much what anybody thinks, but the people have found him out—they know him to be, in his own way, one of the best men the village has produced, as good a man as any, in all ways better than most. In fact it is known that there was never anything bad about him.

Why, then, did he have, and seem to enjoy the name of being a wild blade, ready for anything? Perhaps he had the artistic sense and enjoyed seeing his lurid reputation glaring out against the dull drab background of circumspect village life. Perhaps he had an odd sense of humor which gratified itself as it best could in a situation where the facilities were few. Or his course may have been due in part to a spirit of mischief and in part to a touch of valor, prompting him to stand out alone and defy a community where the moral standards were narrow and kept so by a lively terror of gossip which flew rapidly from house to house. No doubt the dullness of life was for him enlivened as he kept his critics guessing and baffled those who were always watching him and talking about him, in the fear that almost any day he might do something that would set the village weeping and give its people something really shocking to talk about.



LONGBOATS

expounded oftener the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke, where the story is told of how Lazarus, safe amid the joys of heaven, commanded an excellent view of the fiery pit, and there saw, in particular and acute discomfort, the man at whose gate he had been a beggar. This picture would appeal strongly to untutored minds.

WHAT is Canada trying to do with her Indian wards? Let it be conceded freely that good missionaries are working devotedly among them, and are supported in this work by other good people who contribute funds to support these missions. But has the country, as a nation, any policy with regard to the red men, and is a voice ever raised in Parliament to question or accuse the administration in their behalf? Do we not as a people put away our responsibility, close our eyes to the facts and leave the officials of the Indian Department to do as they like with the Indians? There are now 110,345 survivors of the red race in all Canada. Two hundred years ago there were 30,000 of them in that one little speck of Ontario now known as the county of Simcoe.

The published report of Dr. P. H. Bryce, chief medical officer of the Department of Indian Affairs, on "The Indian Schools of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories," has just been issued, and it contains information that should startle the country and at last compel the attention of Parliament. What are we trying to do with our Indian wards? What we are doing with them is clearly and coldly set forth in the tabulated reports of Dr. Bryce. An attempt was made by the Doctor to gather a complete statement giving the physical condition of present and discharged pupils of Indian industrial and boarding schools. Although not complete, the statement is sufficiently so to utterly condemn the schools as at present maintained. Indian boys and girls are dying like flies in these institutions or shortly after leaving them. Of 1,537 pupils of fifteen schools reported upon, after a period of four-

of missionaries lost in pigeon-holes—unless public opinion takes the question up and forces it to the front. Then Parliament will show a quick interest, pigeon-holes will give forth their dusty contents, medical officers will have a wealth of suggestions, and the scandalous procession of Indian children to school and on to the cemetery may possibly be stopped.

"NOTE," writes a correspondent from Ottawa, "that you are giving the West a big share of your attention, the golden West. It is awake, thoroughly so, to its opportunities, but the East—New Brunswick—has opportunities almost beyond belief, and the people there don't seem to know how, or don't believe, or don't something, for they allow things to lie undeveloped. Wake them up!" Not on your life! as one of our very modern school-masters would exclaim to his class in English.

More than once have I seen an alarm clock get its face smashed, its well-meant but unwelcome message strangled in its metal throat and its vital organs so damaged that it never knew a well day again. None of that for this front page. If it be true—and it will be noticed that no assertion is here made—that the people of New Brunswick are not as wide awake to their great opportunities as they should be, perhaps they are merely planning what to do. If they are not up yet, perhaps they don't want to get up yet. At any rate this journal can't see it's way clear to acting as an alarm clock or mutational for New Brunswick.

IN a small village was a young man with a bad name. People said of him that he was the kind of fellow who would stop at nothing. When a new-comer took up residence in the place he soon learned that this young fellow was regarded as a wild blade, but he could not get particulars—he could not find that the young man had ever misconducted himself, or had done anything whatever to bring on himself the reproach of being "a bad

TO a certain extent Dr. Beattie Nesbitt is like this village. He is a man much talked about, and people fit him out with the reputation that usually goes with the office of political boss. He says nothing to dispel the impression that he is as smooth as they make them. He accepts, cheerfully, all the compliments men pay to him on his guile as a party manipulator. He speaks out heartily his view that when his friends help him to win an election, he will help his friends to get every office that needs filling. Other men take the same view, but they do not say so in public. Dr. Nesbitt once said to me: "Of course no unsuitable man should be appointed to any office within the gift of the Whitney Government, but," he added with his campaign smile, "in the great Conservative party are men suitable for any and every office that can possibly need filling. All you've got to do is to sort the right men out, and I'm always willing to help do the sorting." For the most part it is the words of Dr. Nesbitt that give him the name of being a political bad man. He announces as maxims of his own the secret motives that actuate nearly all who play the game of politics, but it remains to be seen whether he plays a lower game than others who profess much higher ideals. His candor and his unflinching nerve endear him to the multitude, while causing others to eye him with doubt or strong distrust. The crowd cheers him, while the men on the platform would put him out of business if they could. He arouses applause and animosity wherever he goes. As he walks the streets these days, a conspicuous figure, the populace feast eyes on him—the man who resigned a soft job at \$9,000 a year in order to get back with the people into the game of politics. Many of those who stare after him in the street imagine that \$9,000 is a pile of money about as high as the Traders Bank building. They look after him, then, with awe. He has done something that appeals to the popular imagination, and those opposed to him may as well reckon on that fact.

The springs of action in Dr. Nesbitt are not mercenary. He isn't after money particularly. He likes popularity, power, the winning of a game, and his recent actions seem to suggest that he is going to run for the mayoralty and test his fortunes. He seems determined to know whether he is an ace or a ten spot in this town. And others are curious on that point, too.

ALL over Canada this week people are going around asking each other if they have seen the latest issue of the Calgary Eye-Opener. Everybody does not see that paper because it enjoys the distinction of being denied admission to the mails. As readers at a distance secure the paper with difficulty its editor endeavors to reward them by furnishing news not elsewhere published.

It is said—for I have not seen it—that the latest issue contains sensational reflections upon Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia. The reader is aware, no doubt, that Sir Frederick has entered a \$50,000 action against the Nineteenth Century and After, in England, for republishing some references to himself that were made in the Eye-Opener. No doubt The Nineteenth Century will pay damages and retract.

But The Eye-Opener comes back at Sir Frederick, and, it is said, does so with a greater directness than before. In the West everybody reads the Calgary weekly, carrying it in inside pockets and passing it around in smoking cars, so that all may read funny or naughty paragraphs. When an attack is made in its columns on the private life of a public man, people buy the paper in large numbers, put these in closed envelopes and send them east. Therefore, it is safe to say that the issue containing the attack on Sir Frederick Borden has been largely circulated in Canada. Word has reached me from Ottawa that a copy of it has been shown to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Is it not up to Sir Frederick Borden to take action against the Calgary Eye-Opener? Should he not convict that fugitive sheet of lying and suppress it, or should he not step down and cease to adorn public life in Canada?

IT is explained by an official of the I. O. F. that the Oronhyatekha collection of curios, to which reference was made on this page last week, is not being treated with neglect, but is housed at Deseronto, with the exception of the medals, which, being small and valuable, are stored in the vaults of the Union Trust Company, in this city. The boxes and packages of goods recently received the Temple and stored in the basement are, I am told, not these Indian curios, but other belongings of the Order. The information used by me last week came from two old friends and admirers of the late Dr. Oronhyatekha. They and others will be pleased to learn that the collection of



Indian relics, collected at so much pains and expense, by the man who made the I. O. F. a great organization, is not being treated with neglect by his successors. Yet the fact remains that this valuable and unique collection is partly at Deseronto and partly closed away in vaults—as Oronhyatekha left it.

The proper designation of this collection is the provincial museum—where it should be kept intact, bearing the name of the man who gathered these relics. Thus only can there be certainty that the lot will be preserved for all time—by placing the articles where they will be treasured. This view, it is said, finds favor with prominent officials of the I. O. F., if it can be ascertained that the Order can legally part with a collection of curios that possess a money value. But surely the Order can find a way to do this measure of justice to the memory of its founder.

THIS is an ungrateful world. Last week I went out of my way to say some things about the failure of this city and country to exemplify in the daily life, business, and politics of the people, the teachings of Christianity. Things were, as far as possible in the brief space at disposal, described as they are in this country called Christian. It appears that one clergyman considered it his duty to denounce that article from his pulpit last Sunday morning, although it might have been supposed that the conditions, not the description of them, would have called for his censure. That article was meant to jolt men of the day into a better way of thinking, at a time when honor and honesty are too little regarded—when success has come to be measured in money and in money only—and when young men who have eyes to see learn daily that nobody really seems to care a rap how you got your money, once you have got it. The ethics of business too much resemble those of the wolf, and if there is a clergyman in town who does not know it there are few in the pews who do not. It is to be feared that the clergyman in question does not comprehend any form of preaching but his own.

However, the whole spirit and drift of my observations were not hastily misjudged by other clergymen in the city, and other persons equally worth considering, who have concurred in the views expressed last week. Yet had nobody concurred the article had been no less true and the purpose no less worthy. One out-of-town correspondent, however, reminds me that the after-business-hours or "fire insurance" kind of religion was introduced a very long time ago, away back in the patriarchal times "when Jacob dedicated to the Lord one-tenth of all he could steal from Laban." No doubt men have been trying the same thing through all the intervening centuries. There seems to be quite a crush around Laban's sheep-folds these days.

MACK.

QUITE a coincidence is found in the following two items of news, one from a point in the United States and the other from a point in Canada. The first was published in the morning papers:

DETROIT, Nov. 16.—At a meeting of the historical section of the Sons of the American Revolution last night, Dr. Hal C. Wyman read a paper on "Our Policy Toward Our Newly-Acquired Possessions." He advocated purchasing a strip of Canada along the Pacific coast, from the northern boundary of the United States to the southern line of Alaska, to secure direct connection with the latter country. His plan was endorsed by other speakers.

Now for the second. This one, we may say, has not previously appeared in print, but was sent to this office direct by a gentleman deeply interested in the resolution adopted by the patriotic society in question:

SWANSEA, ONT., Nov. 18.—At a meeting of the historical section of the Sons of 1812, last night Dr. Hal M. Cynation read a paper on "Our Policy Toward Our Latest Lost Possessions." He advocated purchasing a strip of the United States through Maine, from east to west, to secure a more direct connection with out eastern provinces. His plan was endorsed by other speakers and it was resolved that a survey be made at once and the price to be paid determined by Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, who was thereupon authorized to send the price to President Roosevelt, taking from him a receipt in full for the amount.

TEMPUS FUGIT! Up to this time we have looked upon the Canadian Club as a youthful institution. When Canadian Clubs were first formed in Toronto and other cities they were considered organizations of young men. But since then much hair has grown grey and many heads have become bare and polished. The members themselves have not noticed this, but the fact is pressed upon us, and can no longer go unobserved. There has been considerable discussion of late as to the birthplace of the first Canadian Club. Hamilton claims the honor, but this is denied by Mr. E. J. O'Brien, of Simcoe, who states, in the Stratford Beacon, that the first Canadian Club was started in Guelph, some sixteen years ago. He says that Hamilton secured the idea in Guelph and borrowed that club's constitution. Be that as it may, in Hamilton originated the idea of founding such clubs everywhere. From that point young men in Toronto were stirred up and the movement went on. Discussion as to its origin seems to invest the Canadian Club idea with some degree of antiquity. But what will Canadian Club members think when they hear that the Bishop of London refers to this institution as an organization of old men! Here is what he says, in the course of an article in The Diocesan Magazine, concerning his visit to this country: "It was at Ottawa that I had the first experience of one of the Canadian Club luncheons, which are such features of Canadian life, and at which the old manhood of the place take possession of anyone they want to hear, entertain him at luncheon for twenty minutes, and then sit expectant for another twenty minutes while he says just anything he likes."

WHAT a characteristic bargain that is which Uncle Sam and John Bull have just struck in London! Uncle Sam has agreed to admit to his country British works of art at one-third less than tariff rate, while John Bull, in return, agrees to admit to his country commercial travellers' samples from the United States free of duty. That bargain will look pretty good to a down east Yankee.

WE learn that the information bureau at the Union Station, Toronto, will be reformed and made more serviceable to the public. Additional clerks and telephones will be added and better arrangements made for keeping the bureau posted with the latest information as to the movement of trains.

THE Web of Time is the title of the new book by Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Galt, which is announced for simultaneous publication this week in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.



BE MODERN.

"Yes, Brown is always getting the cart before the horse!"

"My dear boy, don't be archaic; nowadays we say getting the smell before the automobile."—Life.

## Money Talks.

MONEY talks and tells a sordid story. Money's always talking nowadays. Talking to the young and to the hoary. Money's got us going forty ways.

Money greets milady in her carriage. Hails the demi-monde upon the street. Money very often mentions marriage. Money's way of wooing's hard to beat.

Money is a gay, elusive charmer; Money very seldom speaks to me. Most when it does it is to murmur, "Stung!" "Skiddoo for yours," or "23."

JAMES P. HAVERSON.

Toronto, Nov., '07.

## The Asiatics and British Columbia.

VANCOUVER, B.C., Nov. 12, 1907.

Editor Saturday Night:—In your editorial on the Oriental labor question in your issue of November 9 you came pretty near the point. I was glad to see that there is one man at least who can see the main principle involved. It is wonderful what a lot of superficial rot is written on the subject. I suppose it is hardly possible for one to obtain a perfect grasp of the question from all sides without a residence for a short time on the Coast, where he will come in contact with all classes of these Asiatics, but there is that one fact that cannot be set aside. The workers will finally own the country. Just as surely as we rest on our oars or proceed to take things easy and let the Orientals do the work we shall become useless and the Orientals will come into possession of the country. It is too bad that so few of our people can see what this influx is going to lead to, or if they can they are willing to sacrifice the future welfare of the country for their own present profit. In my opinion this is the most important national question in Canada to-day. Some eastern people seem to think that British Columbia is a little hysterical over it. Those people don't think deeply enough to be allowed to express an opinion. I am not a member of the Anti-Asiatic League, but am strongly opposed to the admission of Asiatics. I sincerely hope that you will continue to use your influence to have it stopped.

Yours very truly,  
AN OCCASIONAL READER.

## Whims of the Shah.

AN English jeweler once expressed his willingness to pay four million pounds for the Shah of Persia. This was not because he considered him particularly precious personally, but because he was wearing a black frock-coat studded with diamonds, with diamond epaulettes, and a sash with a diamond-encrusted scabbard. The diamond costume is used only on the most important occasions. On lesser occasions he has a pearl costume, and for every-day wear a costume that presumably permits him to be more comfortable. Messrs. Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen, who give us this information in their new book on "Queer Things About Persia," go on to tell some of the peculiarities of the late Shah as follows: Muzaffer-ed-din Shah was nervous in the presence of Europeans; he used to stand with one hand on his hip and stroke his enormous moustache with the other in order to maintain his composure. As has been said, he used to utter some platitudes such as: "Thank God we have had a fortunate year. Rain has been plentiful, and we hope that God will make the harvest abundant." If he was in a genial mood he inquired after the respective sovereigns. "What are they all doing? Has the King of England won the yachting race? Has the Kaiser killed many deer? Was the Sultan of Turkey pleased with the two girls I sent him lately? How is the Czar?" To which the Russian Minister replies with forced politeness: "How can he be anything else but well since he is noticed by your Majesty."

He addressed a few words like that to each Minister, and then said: "You are dismissed." All the diplomats back out, bowing three times, as at their entry, a perilous performance in a Persian room full of little carpets. More than one old diplomat has measured his length on these little carpets.

Of course on these occasions the Shah was crippled by the fear of causing jealousy; he was more practical when he received a single ambassador. He always spoke in Persian, which was translated by the Foreign Office interpreters into French.

## To Bring Art to the "Plain Man."

ART museums are adapting themselves more and more to the needs of the "plain man." This tendency has been created a new science, or something that approaches a science, called the "new musology." Its object

is the systematization of means to interest the general public in art; and coincident with the new spirit is to be noted a "change of heart" in the older institutions like the art museums of New York and Boston. Their governing boards, who used to scold "the plain man for so rarely crossing the threshold of the splendid treasure-house," says Mr. Rollin Linde Hartt, "are now scolding themselves for so feebly attracting him." They do indeed "espouse the interests of students, connoisseurs, and experts," Mr. Hartt goes on to say in The World's Work, "though these concern them less vitally than formerly, for they seek first the popular response and support which eventually produce students, connoisseurs, and experts." Special stress is laid upon such matters as plan, lighting, arrangement and the character of the exhibits themselves.

The museum may profitably concede a point or so to the plain man's taste, thinks Mr. Hartt, by discarding any notions it retains about "art for art's sake." The writer takes courage for this position by the example of "numerous authorities, including Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke," who discredits the dogma. He adds:

"A picture, according to the art-for-art's-sake theory, must never tell a story—and the only pictures the plain man deeply cares for are those that do. He is bored by mere arrangements in color, mere experiments in aerial perspective, mere solutions of problems in tone and values, mere technical triumphs in impressionism. He wants a picture of something or of somebody—a mother and child, a battle, a race, a scene from a play, an event in history, a fair, a temple service—a picture alive with human interest. Why not let him have it? The advocates of 'art for art's sake' were right when they taught us to despise bad pictures that told good stories, but few intellectual humbugs surpass their insistence that art has to do only with visual delights and must never appeal to the emotions by treating a dramatic theme, and few philosophic swindles can equal their denunciation of eminently good pictures just because they tell eminently good stories."

INSANITY is often the logic of an accurate mind overtasked. Good mental machinery ought to break its own wheels and levers if anything is thrust among them suddenly which tends to stop them or reverse their motion. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself; stupidity often saves a man from going mad. We frequently see persons in insane hospitals, sent there in consequence of what are called religious mental disturbances. I confess that I think better of them than of many who hold the same notions, and keep their wits and enjoy life very well, outside of the asylums. Any decent person ought to go mad if he really holds such and such opinions.... Anything that is brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind and perhaps for entire races—anything that assumes the necessity for the extermination of instincts which were given to be regulated—no matter by what name you call it—no matter whether a fakir or a monk or a deacon believes it—if received, ought to produce insanity in every well-regulated mind.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE relative position of Canada at the beginning of this present century, as compared with that of the United States in the past century, is much more advanced in other respects than in population, says the Toronto Star. In immigration it was not until 1850 that any considerable inflow into the United States took place, and even so late as 1870 arrivals in that country from abroad were no greater than will be the inflow into Canada during the present year. Our export trade to-day is nearly equal to that enjoyed by the United States in 1860; our bank deposits are greater than were those of our neighbors in the same year; our present coal production is equal to the total of theirs attained in 1850; the figure representing the railway mileage in Canada at present was not surpassed by the United States until near the end of the fifties, and the tonnage of freight carried by Canadian railways last year was equal to that carried by American railways in the eighties.

In other respects the position of Canada to-day is identical with that of the United States at the close of the Civil War.

At the conclusion of a recent meeting of the Toronto Board of License Commissioners Dr. Wilson came to the reporters present and said, "Now boys I know you are round the town at all hours and see a good deal. I want you to tell me frankly how in your opinion the licensing law is being enforced in the city of Toronto?"

There was no response for a moment or two, the reporters being at a loss what to reply. Finally one of them drily answered:

"Too darn strictly!" The reply seemed to suit Dr. Wilson, "down to the ground."

## A Bouquet from over the Lake.

From Buffalo N. Y. Truth.

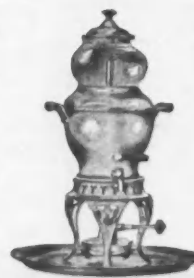
SATURDAY NIGHT, the most able paper that comes to our exchange table, bar none, has been running a series of articles on its front page which are worthy the attention of all thoughtful men. They are admirably written and present facts forcefully and intelligently, particularly directed against the British policy of letting down the bars to immigration to Canada from all Britain's dependencies and other lands, notably the Japanese and East Indians. Against this movement SATURDAY NIGHT is fighting with rare intelligence and forcefulness. Canada bids fair to be a greater Britain, and SATURDAY NIGHT, of Toronto, is aiding in its development. Whoever writes that "front-page" editorial matter is a master hand at both logic and literature.

## Coffee Percolators in BRASS, NICKEL and COPPER.

## Chafing Dishes in NICKEL and COPPER

## Coffee made by "THE METEOR"

is always clean, fragrant and delicious. The bitter taste is entirely eliminated by filtration. No better means can be employed for preparing a hasty meal or dainty dish than by the use of one of these handsome Chafing dishes fitted with the patented Seamless, Ivory Enamelled Food Pan.



RICE LEWIS &amp; SON, Limited

Wm. Stitt &amp; Co.

11 and 13 King Street East

## AUTUMN AND WINTER SEASON

Only the latest novelties in Dress Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Evening Gowns. Our Ladies' Tailoring Department is in charge of an experienced Tailor.

Trousseaux, Morning Orders, Gloves, Corsets.

## Floors Laid

by us in Toronto twenty years ago look handsomer than ever. Our catalogue of designs tells you all about it.

ELLIOTT &amp; SON, Limited

79 King Street West, Toronto

## New in Music at McConkey's

You should hear the Crossman Trio of New York in Vocal and Instrumental Music every evening 6 to 8 and 10 to 12.

## THE RESTAURANT

## BOHEMIAN GLASS

Rhine Wines

Punch Cups

Cordials, etc.



## HOLIDAY GIFTS

## WILLIAM JUNOR

88 West King Street - - Toronto



A Place  
You May  
be Proud  
of

After the theatre you will find the ST. CHARLES the popular retreat for supper.

Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.  
(Sunday included)

## THE AUTUMN BRIDE AND THE DEBUTANTE

You no doubt are seriously planning the many arrangements for that important event—the Wedding. Let us help you in one of the most important features, viz., the Floral Decorations. Our suggestions and estimates cost you nothing. The work, if we do it, will be up-to-date and best that material and artists can produce and the cost most reasonable, consistent with the services we render you. Telephone for our representative.

Dunlop's

96 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Night and Sunday Phone Park 792



## INVESTMENTS.

Reports on Securities furnished on application. Bonds and Stock bought and sold on Commission.

**A. E. Ames & Co.**  
LIMITED  
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

ASSETS  
\$2,500,000  
CAPITAL (paid up) \$1,500,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,000,000

**CENTRAL CANADA**  
LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY  
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED  
AND DEBENTURES  
ISSUED

**Royal Insurance Company**  
(Limited)  
(OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND)

**LIFE DEPARTMENT**  
CANADIAN POLICYHOLDERS  
share in the  
PROFITS OF THE COMPANY'S  
ENTIRE LIFE BUSINESS.

Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East  
Phone Main 6000.

## The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of six per cent. (6%) per annum on the capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the period of four (4) months ending November 30th, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and at the Branches on and after Monday, the 18th day of December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 14th day of December, both days inclusive.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,  
F. G. JEMMETT,  
General Manager.

Toronto, October 22nd, 1907.

**WE OFFER**  
Bonds of a large transcontinental railroad with a bonus of preferred and common stock.

**WARDEN & FRANCIS**  
Confederation Life Building,  
TORONTO  
Telephone Main 4503

**LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**

8 Richmond St., E., Toronto  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

## Tenders for Supplies

THE UNDERSIGNED will receive sealed tenders, marked on outside of envelope "Tenders for Supplies," up to noon of Monday, the 2nd of December, 1907, for butchers' meat, creamery or dairy butter, flour, meal, potatoes, etc., etc., required for the Institution for the Blind, Brantford, for the year 1908. All supplies must be of first class quality or they will be rejected.

A marked cheque for 5 per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract, payable to the order of the Minister of Education, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides. Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract, and should any tender be withdrawn before the contract is awarded, or should the tenderer fail to furnish security, the amount of the deposit will be forfeited.

Specifications and forms of tender may be had on application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. A. PYNE,  
Minister of Education.  
Toronto, Nov. 21st, 1907.

Unauthorized insertions of this advertisement will not be paid for.

# THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL

MONTREAL, Nov. 21.

ONE of the interesting features of the present money stringency in the United States is to bring more clearly before the residents of that country the fact that we have a few bank bills up here which are worth a hundred cents on the dollar. Time and again Canadians have been nettled by the fact that no matter where they went in the United States their good Dominion bills would not be taken at par; and indeed in lots of cases not taken at all. Plenty of us have had experiences of this character in New York and Chicago, and even in such near-by towns as Buffalo and Detroit. Now, however, all is changed. They say bring on your bills, your gold and your silver. We are glad to get it at par. Yes, and if necessary, we are willing to pay a mite of a premium. When trade conditions are normal the treasurers of the various theatrical organizations touring Canada send their surplus cash to headquarters by means of bank drafts. Not now, however. Instead they ask for the cash; good Canadian bank notes, and these they forward to their principals by express. A case of this kind came under my own observation last Saturday evening when I heard the treasurer of the Savage Opera Company ask the management of the theatre to give him the bills in place of a draft, for their people in New York found difficulty in getting a draft cashed. If the present shortage of funds which the United States is going through at present has the result of making them realize that Canadian bills are as good as their own, in spite of their very general dirty appearance; it will at least have accomplished something.

The fact that those in control of the Quebec and Union banks are negotiating for an amalgamation of these two institutions is naturally the subject of a great deal of comment. That the two institutions would gain much and lose little by such an arrangement is very generally admitted. For one thing they could materially reduce their expenses by a reduction of branches; for at the present time they are both what might be termed overbranched. The combined capitalization of the two banks would put them in fourth place among Canadian banks, as regards total capitalization. The Quebec Bank is the second oldest in Canada, coming next to the Bank of Montreal in the point of age. The Union's strong point is its western branches, while the Quebec Bank has chiefly confined itself to business in the province of Quebec. One peculiarity of the Quebec Bank is that it is said to do a larger business at its Montreal branch than it does at its headquarters in the city of Quebec. However, this is not a unique position, for the same condition applied to the Bank of Halifax, now the Royal. In the old days, before the change of name and headquarters, this bank did a larger business at its Montreal office than it did in Halifax, where the bank was founded and for many years had its head office. When, however, the tail began to wag the dog in earnest it was found best to shift the headquarters, and also rename the institution, which was accordingly done.

The recent annual meeting of the Canadian Northwest Land Company brings to mind the fact that those who had faith in Canada and backed their opinions with their purses, have had no regrets. It was back in 1893 that the Northwest Land Company was organized, with the men who had faith in the country at its head. Among them were Robert Meighen, Lord Strathcona, Lord Mount Stephen, Sir William Van Horne, R. B. Angus, E. B. Osler, W. D. Mathews, Senator Robert Mackay and William Hendrie. These gentlemen purchased from an English syndicate, said syndicate being very much pleased to unload at what would now be thought a ridiculously low price, no less a block than \$1,900,000 acres of land—a little empire in itself. As the original paid-up capital of the Northwest Land Company was \$1,467,000, and as this paid for the land as well as the expenses of organization, it will be readily seen that it was "dirt cheap," and that the English syndicate lost the chance of their lives to get rich easily. The shares sold originally for \$25 each, and in 1897 sold as low as \$2 per share on the Toronto exchange, while to-day nobody knows what they are worth—perhaps \$800, perhaps \$1,000 a share. It is now reckoned that within two years' time the entire stock issue will be paid back dollar for dollar, and that there will still remain in the hands of the company sufficient land, which when sold will divide anywhere from five to ten millions between them. When it is reckoned that Robert Meighen has to his credit no less than 7,600 of these shares; Sir William Van Horne 2,800, R. B. Angus 3,300, the MacIntyres of Montreal 3,700, and so on through a long list, it is not to be wondered at that Canada has a few millionaires. Talk of Klondikes; it was never in it with the Northwest Land Company.

Speaking of money makes the Windsor Hotel Company has proved no slouch, for the year just closed they earned no less than 22 per cent. on their stock. The company paid ten per cent. to its stockholders and put the rest aside for depreciation. Considering everything that's not so bad.

The fact that the Dominion Government will spend something like three million dollars in order that 214 Years Montreal shall have suitable buildings in which to do her custom business is interesting in itself, but the further fact that the land recently purchased for the structure from the Grey Nuns, has been held by that or a like order since the year 1693, makes this real estate transaction notable and perhaps unique in so far as this continent is concerned.

This land, like all Montreal, once belonged to the Sulpicians, and it was in the year 1693, or 214 years ago, that it passed from them to a religious community, the purpose being to found a hospital. In 1758 Madame d'Youville, the founder of the Grey Nuns, acquired the property, and the original deed, still in the possession of the Order in Montreal, begins *Louis, by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre*. Here the Grey Nuns established themselves and here they remained until the early seventies when they moved to their present location on Guy street.

A portion of the original convent, the grey stones greyer still with age, but as solid as when piled one upon the other those centuries back, still stands, but will be razed to the ground when the Government begins its work.

TORONTO, Nov. 21.

MONEY is as difficult to obtain as ever, and consequently it is called very scarce. Complaints are more frequent than in the past. The growl comes chiefly from speculators, who, however, are not confined to the stock and grain exchanges, but include those people whose business had been greatly extended not by their own means, but by large borrowings. The question is often heard: "What has become of the money?" Well, the fact is that there is more money in the country, and more in circulation than at any previous time in Canadian history. But it must be remembered that while the Government treasury and the banks hold more money than ever before in their vaults, the liabilities of these institutions, or the credits they have extended to the people, are also much greater. To be on the safe side the banks have to curtail the accommodation asked of them. The specie and Dominion notes held by our banks at the present time amount to about \$74,000,000, whereas a year ago these cash holdings were only \$68,641,000. The same thing may be said of the money now in circulation. It is greater than ever, and exceeds that of a year ago at the end of October, which was a record breaker. The note currency of Canada is always greatest about this time of the year, a few weeks before the close of navigation, after which there is some contraction. In round numbers the circulation of bank notes, Dominion notes and specie (the latter being estimated) aggregate about \$109,000,000, as against \$107,700,000 a year ago. This is at the rate of about \$18 per head of our population. The cautiousness displayed in the granting of credits means that bankers now realize their responsibilities, while in the active and exciting days of great speculative movements of a few years ago they yielded to the general impulse. It is usually in the good days of easy credit that the seeds of insolvency are sown.

A good deal of talk and gossip as to the weakness of the banks has been heard of late. The situation may be a delicate one in some respects, but on the whole there is nothing to fear. The banks are stronger than for some time past. The Finance Minister of Canada has been interviewed by certain classes who complain of their treatment by the banks, but the operations of these classes have been and are more speculative than otherwise. The real exporters of the grain of Canada, according to those in authority, have no grievance. It is in the interest of these men as well as of the banks to move the grain to the seaboard. The Government may be assisting them in various ways, but what is being done has not been made public as yet. It is true that Canadian finance has been more or less effected by the extraordinary state of the financial situation across the line. In the leading cities over there the banks have been protecting their credit by the use of clearing-house certificates, and the money and exchange markets are in a most disturbed and distrustful condition. Our business with the United States is hampered considerably on this account. The common instruments in this international trade have been discarded. The express companies are doing the big business, and trade is only conducted with cash on the spot.

Unusual methods have been resorted to by the United States Government to relieve the money stringency. An issue of Panama bonds had been in view for some time, but the present was thought to be the physiological moment, and therefore an issue of \$50,000,000 bonds bearing 2 per cent. has been decided upon. These bonds are intended as a basis for note circulation. The national banks can have them for that purpose, paying nothing for them, the Government only requiring the banks to credit the amount of the bonds as Government deposits. Then there are to be issued certificates of indebtedness to the extent of \$100,000,000, bearing three per cent. These will be redeemable in one year. It is considered that this plan will have the effect of drawing money from the strong boxes and stop the hoarding of funds, which has been so prevalent of late. The scheme is a rather doubtful one.



STICK TOGETHER  
And play "crack the whip" with him—Bradley in the Chicago Daily News.

The statement of the Bank of Montreal for the year ended October 31, is a most reassuring one. Gold and silver coin and Dominion notes held by this institution aggregate \$12,050,000 as compared with \$11,603,000 a year ago. A feature which will doubtless be inspiring to many is that the bank withdrew, in October, about \$10,000,000 "on call" in the United States. The call and short loans made in Britain and the United States are now placed at \$23,341,000 as compared with \$29,784,000 on October 31, 1906. Interest bearing deposits, which a

**BANK OF MONTREAL**

A place of safety and security for the accumulations of all who work and save.

Deposits of any amount accepted and interest paid 4 times a year at highest current rate.

Branches in the City of Toronto:  
Cor. Queen and Spadina, Cor. College and Ossington,  
34 Yonge St., Cor. Yonge and Gould, Toronto Junction.

**THE BANK OF OTTAWA**  
credits interest on Savings Accounts  
QUARTERLY.  
OFFICES IN TORONTO:  
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

**THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA**  
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO  
Capital Authorized  
\$2,000,000

ARE you a young man beginning business and imagine that your account is too small for a bank to take an interest in?

No account is too small. We realize that in a few years yours may be one of our best accounts, and for your benefit and our benefit we ask you to bank with us.

INTEREST PAID 4 TIMES A YEAR

**DOMINION EXPRESS CO.**

Packages Forwarded to all parts of the World

**MONEY ORDERS**  
**FOREIGN DRAFTS**  
AND  
**TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES**  
ISSUED

Cheapest, Safest and Most Economical; Numerous Branch Agencies in Drug Stores, etc., in Business and Residential Districts. Open early and late.

Toronto Main Office, 48 Yonge Street

**The Metropolitan Bank**  
Capital Paid Up  
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,000,000.00  
Every banking facility offered to customers and depositors. Accounts of individuals, firms and corporations solicited. Best possible service guaranteed.

Savings Department. \$1.00 opens an account. Interest allowed from date of deposit and compounded FOUR times a year. No delay in withdrawal.

**In 37 Years**  
during which

**The Mutual Life OF CANADA**

has been in operation not one dollar received from its policyholders has been lost out of the millions invested for their security—a phenomenal record.

**METROPOLITAN ASSEMBLY ROOMS**  
245-249 COLLEGE STREET  
For Balls, At Homes, Receptions, Etc.  
M. J. SAGE, Manager.  
Illustrated Booklet, with Plan of Rooms, mailed on request.



## Imperial Bank of Canada

Capital Authorized ..... \$10,000,000  
 Capital paid up ..... 4,800,000  
 Reserves ..... 4,800,000

## Dividend No. 69

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

FRIDAY, THE 1ST OF NOVEMBER NEXT

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st of October, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager  
 Toronto, Ont., 18th September, 1907.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
 LIMITED  
 Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
 Apply Manager, Montreal

**"C. M. C."**  
 GARTERS  
 MEN  
 MERCERISED COTTON 25c  
 PURE SILK 50c  
**"C.M.C." MEN'S GARTERS**  
 With new "C.M.C." Mark. They are made of the finest material and are guaranteed to last. They are made in the U.S.A. and are of the highest quality.  
 C. H. WESTWOOD & CO., Limited, 64 Bay St., Toronto



## LAST DAYS

20%  
 REDUCTION SALE

ON  
 SWITCHES, PUFFS, EMPIRE  
 BRAIDS, POMPADOURS,  
 TRANSFORMATIONS,  
 LADIES' WIGS,  
 MEN'S TOUPEES AND WIGS  
 CONSULT PERSONALLY  
**PROF. JULES & CHARLES**  
 on all ailments of the hair. In bright,  
 comfortable and private parlors for  
 Shampooing, Marcel Waving,  
 Electro Scalp Treatments,  
 Face Massage and Manicuring

The "MAISON"  
**JULES & CHARLES**  
 431 Yonge St., Toronto



## Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

**The Harry Webb Co.**  
 Limited  
 447 Yonge St., Toronto

## TRAINED NURSES

A FEW vacancies are to be filled in the TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES of the BUFFALO HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL—a high class, registered school, nineteen years old, conducting a three-year graded course.

Applicants must be over nineteen years of age, and have one year High School work, or its equivalent.

For information, address  
**MISS FRANCES BLACK**  
 Superintendent  
 74 Cottage St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Culverhouse Optical Co., Ltd.**

**WE SUPPLY THE DEEP GROVED LENSES**

The advantages of this form of lens are innumerable. Larger field of vision, clearance from eyelashes, better and clearer vision and a general comfort to the wearer.

**CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.**  
 M. 4555 5 Richmond St. East

year ago were \$99,059,000, have been reduced to \$90,094,000, while demand or non-interest deposits have increased from \$30,842,000 to \$36,043,000 during the year. Deposits comprise the chief liability of a bank, and the statement before us of the Bank of Montreal shows that the total deposits are now \$126,137,000 as compared with \$129,901,000 a year ago, or a decrease of \$3,764,000. The total loans and discounts are \$128,448,000 as against \$131,608,000 a year ago, a reduction of over \$3,000,000. The cash and immediately available funds of the bank are equivalent to 47 per cent. of total deposits, whereas a year ago the percentage was 50 per cent.

The Bank of Nova Scotia has issued a statement of its affairs as on October 31, and it is of a most satisfactory character. Cash on hand now \$9,106,000, as against \$8,445,000 on December 31, and \$7,478,500 a year ago. Included in this item on October 31 is \$1,468,000 in ster-

ling exchange and gold in transit, from London. Other liquid assets, including call loans, were \$11,257,000. Deposits are \$27,349,000, as against \$24,600,000 a year ago. Immediately available reserves are therefore 70 per cent. of total deposits as compared with 63 per cent. on October 31, 1906.

On Saturday last the Imperial Bank of Canada issued a half year statement to October 31. This bank also has strengthened its reserves. Cash and balances from other banks amount to \$10,813,000, and liquid securities of \$7,838,500, make \$18,652,000. These available assets equal 60 per cent. of total deposits, which are \$30,462,000. A year ago the percentage of liquid reserves to deposits was 57 per cent. The Imperial made net profits for the six months at the rate of over 16 per cent. for the year. The capital now paid-up is \$4,860,000 and the reserve fund \$4,860,000.

## Social and Personal

THE debutantes' luncheon, which yearly assembles the young folks making their debut this month, took place in the Nile and Rose rooms at McConkey's last Saturday. The hostess received the guests in the Turkish room, and a large horseshoe table was set for thirty-eight in the other rooms. The rooms were decorated by Dilemuth, only white flowers were used, the mantels and grates were banked with white 'mums and ferns, and the same flowers, with carnations and lily of the valley alternated with prettily jardinières of ferns and large candles shaded with pink on the table. Very small and very funny gentlemen arrived with the ice cream and were greeted with merriment by the girls who made them welcome, and perched them beside their plates. D'Alesandro's orchestra played in the hall during the luncheon and afterwards in the ballroom for an impromptu dance. The guests at the luncheon were Miss Margaret Scott, of Hamilton, Miss Marguerite Fleury, of Aurora, Miss Violet Denny, of Dunbarton, Scotland, Miss Muriel Kenny of Dublin, Miss Beatrice Galbraith, Miss Adele Harman, Miss Aileen Robertson, Miss Edith Kay, Miss Hilda Cayley, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Laura Cassels, Miss Jean Biggar, Miss Dorothy Taylor, Miss Marjory Murray, Miss Jeannette Barclay, Miss Sibyl Boomer, Miss Gladys Dickson, Miss Eva Haney, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Edna Cosby, Miss Maud Band, Miss Clare Corson, Miss Lorna Murray, Miss Olive Buchanan, Miss Whilamie Baldwin, Miss Harriette Ireland, Miss Phyllis Armour, Miss Nita Millman, Miss Blanche Miles, Miss Hazel Nicholls, Miss Marjory Perry, Miss Dorothy Spence, Miss Hilda Burton, Miss Madeline Walker, Miss Ethel Webster, Miss Elsie Sankey and Miss Isabel Jackson.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed received on Monday afternoon, when a great many callers paid their tribute to the handsome singer, who looked extremely well in a gown of golden brown panne velvet and ecru lace blouse. Mrs. Weston Brock and Mrs. Denison assisted in the tearoom. Among those who called were Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. L. MacMurray, Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mrs. and Miss Walker, the Misses Taylor, Mrs. King, Mrs. S. M. Jarvis, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. Tripp and a great many others.

Mrs. George gave a very large tea on Monday afternoon, at her home in Glen road, and looked a picture in a very lovely gown of white handpainted chiffon crepe, with a design of mauve flowers. The girls assisting included some of last season's prettiest debutantes: Miss Muriel Jarvis in pale blue, Miss Augustine Adams in cowslip yellow touched with black and Miss Lena Coady in white and pink. Miss Alice Kingston, a pretty not-out, also assisted, wearing a blue frock, and Miss Lillian Crowther wore a smart Dresden silk. Miss Lee a pretty light silk and Miss George pale blue voile. The table was done in yellow, with 'mums and shaded lights and quantities of roses and mauve 'mums were in the drawing rooms. The assistants wore posies of violets.

The Woman's Guild of the Church of the Redeemer are holding a bazaar and afternoon tea on November 28. The sale will be held both afternoon and evening in the school house.

Mr. and Mrs. Coady and their family are removing from Huron street this week. They have taken a house in Kendall avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockie Hamilton have brought back many lovely things from their trip around the world, with which to enhance the interest of their home in St. Joseph street. Mr. Bodington, a brother of Mrs. Hamilton, is up from New York on a visit.

Miss Hazel FitzGerald is in town, on a visit to Miss Blair Burrows, in Bedford road. A number of small teas have been given for her, as well as other affairs. On Tuesday afternoon Dr. FitzGerald invited some friends for tea at the King Edward to meet his sister. Miss Harman gave a small tea for her on Monday.

Last Friday was a very busy day for some people as, in addition to half a dozen teas, the reception at Government House was the Mecca of many fair pilgrims, and heaps of men. Lady Clark looked very well and greeted everyone with the gracious pleasure which makes her visitors feel at home in the gubernatorial mansion. She wore palest grey striped satin and fine white lace. His Honor received with her, and the Misses Mortimer Clark were in the second drawing room and the tea room, finding themselves besieged by throngs of friends, as I hear about seven hundred visitors called last Friday. There were many mothers with their pretty debutantes, who were all on the *qui vive* for December's dance, to which each one hopes to receive an invitation. The paving company opened Simcoe street for two hours to allow carriages an entrance to the main gates, but closed the unfinished thoroughfare about six o'clock.

Mr. Hannington, a prominent engineer from the West, and a very delightful person, has been in town on a short visit. On Saturday Mr. Hannington entertained a cosy party at luncheon at the Queen's, and on Sunday Mrs. Frank Morgan asked a few friends for tea to meet the Westerner.

Mrs. Hees is giving a tea next Tuesday afternoon at her home, 174 St. George street. Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis is giving a tea for her son and daughter's young friends this afternoon at her home, 246 St. George street.

Mrs. Ralph King, of Parkdale, gave one of the many teas of the earlier days of this week, receiving a large

company on Monday afternoon. She looked very nice in white voile and lace touched with pale blue. The decorations of the table were in yellow 'mums, being the flowers chosen. Miss Agnes Nairn, Miss Sophy Michie and Miss Somerville of Atherley, were the girls waiting in the tearoom. Mrs. King, of Hamilton, Mrs. Donald and Mrs. Brown assisted the hostess.

Mrs. Kay is giving a dance for her daughter, Miss Edith, on the sixth of next month.

Colonel and Miss Denny left Toronto for the West Coast on Saturday. They are visiting Japan and China before returning to Scotland.

Mrs. and Miss Alexander, of Bon Accord, are going away for a trip, as Miss Alexander is not yet at all strong after her recent illness. This charming girl is much missed in society.

A very happily situated little girl is Miss Marguerite Fleury, who is coming out under the chaperonage of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Fleury, of 85 Bedford road. On that day of many teas, Friday of last week, Mrs. Fleury presented her pretty niece to a great many friends and a tea in her fascinating new home, where everyone wanted to stay as long as possible. The hostess wore a delicate blue gown, as dainty as her frocks always are, and her debutante was a picture of bright pretty girlhood in a white dress of the finest mull and lace, and carrying a sheaf of Beauty roses. The tea table in the dining room was done with white 'mums, and the cosy living room, the picture of comfort and most artistic, as is all the house, was the admiration of every lady fair at the tea. A great many people came to meet the little debutante and wish her a happy winter. Mrs. Fleury will give a dance at McConkey's later in the season for her niece.

Mrs. Benson held her post-nuptial reception last Friday at the Dowling Apartments, where she has a very cosy and pretty flat. The bride received in a mauve voile dress, and was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Meyers, in a pretty light silk. Mrs. Manley Benson, her mother-in-law, came to Toronto a short time before the date of the reception, at which several old friends, even some who knew her as Julia McCrea before her marriage, greeted her with great pleasure. The Dowling Apartment stairway of white marble was decorated up the whole three flights to the bride's flat with white 'mums and bows of satin ribbon and a bright tea table radiant with flowers was attended by a bevy of girl friends of the bride, who as Kate Meyers was a great favorite on the East Side.

Mrs. George Macbeth gave a jolly tea in her flat at the Alexandra, on that same busy Friday, when a coterie of intimates enjoyed a pleasant hour together. Mrs. Macbeth looked very nice in a striped white and black Marquise gown, and Miss Meta in a pretty light silk assisted. Mrs. Bristol, looking very handsome in a white chiffon gown with painted floral design in red, and toque to match, poured tea and Mrs. Crease, *vis-a-vis*, looked after the coffee urn, wearing a trim black gown and hat. A few of those present were Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Walker Bell, Mrs. Lizars Smith, Mrs. Kennin, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. MacKenzie, Mrs. Creighton and others.

Miss Harriet W. Leverich's wedding, in which so many Toronto friends are interested, was postponed from the 16th of October to the 30th. On that date she was married to Mr. Ralph Ernest Platt, R. A., a young English officer, whose plans of going on foreign service being changed was the cause of the change of date for the wedding. Captain James brought the bride up the historic aisle of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and a fair bride she was, in a soft white clinging robe with bodice of applied lace, veil of tulle and lace and carrying one of those gorgeous bridal bouquets one sees in old London. This particular "shower" included lily of the valley, orchids, odontoglossum, orange blossoms, heather and myrtle, and was tied with sashes of tulle. Three quaintly attired bridesmaids attended the bride, in white cloth Empire gowns, with mitten-sleeves, tied at the elbows with satin bows. Their bouquets were of pink 'mums. Captain Anderson was best man. The church was decorated with palms, lilies and 'mums. The choral service was conducted by Rev. R. Kenneth Maclure, of Manchester. Mrs. Leverich held a reception after the ceremony, at the Hyde Park Hotel, at which were the Marchioness of Donegall, Senator Melvin-Jones, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lee and many smart English friends of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Platt were to the Continent for the *lune de miel* and I hear are going to India later on. The bride travelled in a costume of mole cloth, with ermine furs, and a jaunty hat of prune and cerise velvet, most becoming to her dark hair and fine tint.

Two teas for young folks were given last Saturday, one for Miss Maud Band by her mother, at her residence in Jarvis street, the other for some of the debutantes by Miss Wallbridge, 20 Madison avenue.

Mrs. Harry Strange is visiting her mother, Mrs. Joseph T. Delamere, in Cecil street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie returned recently from a very pleasant visit in Montreal, where they were feted from morning to night. Dinners, luncheons, opera parties and teas were the brighter for their presence, and the Toronto beauty had a joyous time of it. Mr. and Mrs. Haydn Horsey were the never failing hospitable hosts on one or more occasions, and are enjoying their Montreal home greatly.

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Limited, Toronto**

## The Passing of an Historic Landmark

The Famous Old Church at Longue  
Pointe, a Relic of the Old Regime,  
is Now a Ruin.

THREE miles below Montreal the island shore reaches  
out into the river like a tongue. Longue Pointe it is  
called, and here many years ago grew up a little village  
which, after the manner of French Canada, consisted of one  
long street from which in time a number of smaller streets  
branched off at right angles and ran down to the high  
bank of the St. Lawrence. Like the streets of early  
French-Canadian villages, and like those of their cities  
too, these streets are narrow and all the buildings huddled  
together. This, no doubt, was suggested by the safety af-  
forded by proximity in the days when Iroquois ever lurked  
on the outskirts of Canadian settlements in quest of  
Frenchmen's scalps.

Down by the river and within a stone's-throw of the  
ship channel, which here runs close to the island shore,  
there was built in 1729 a little church which, until a few  
days ago, stood a landmark in the history of this port of  
Canada. During thirty-one years under the paternal pro-  
tection of the flag of the Bourbons mass had been cele-  
brated within its walls; and during almost a century and  
a half it had continu-  
ed to be the religious  
centre of the parishioners  
of Longue Pointe after  
they had passed from  
French to British alle-  
giance.

To-day the church is  
in ruins, fire having de-  
stroyed its interior and  
roof, and left standing  
only its solid walls of  
masonry three feet thick.  
The old church at Longue  
Pointe is now a thing of  
the past.

With the exception of  
the spire, which was a  
modern innovation, the  
little church was almost  
severely plain, but it was  
not lacking in pictur-  
esqueness, almost every-  
thing about the building  
suggesting a bit of the  
old regime lingering in  
an eddy close to and yet  
wholly apart from the  
current of modern life.  
From its door the smoke  
of a great city could be seen a few miles distant, and on  
every summer day the puffing of ocean steamships on  
their way to and from the Old World was borne in  
through its windows and mingled with the chanting and  
prayers of those who worshipped there. Close to the  
church is the priest's manse, surrounded by a well-tilled  
garden in which vegetables and old-fashioned flowers were  
quaintly mingled.

Longue Pointe has a place in our history, for here came  
to a sudden and rather ignominious end the first attempt  
of the Americans to capture Montreal. The guiding spir-  
it of that exploit was Ethan Allen, the hero of Vermont—  
that heady Yankee, as Mr. Bradley calls him in his life of  
Lord Dorchester, who during the war of the American  
Revolution presided over the destinies of Canada. Hav-  
ing captured by surprise the little garrison at Fort Ticon-  
deroga, on Lake Champlain, Ethan Allen planned to fore-  
stall General Montgomery by "rushing" Montreal. Down  
Lake Champlain and the Richelieu river he proceeded, and  
then with a little band marched overland to the south  
shore of the St. Lawrence.

On the night of the 24th of September, 1775, with about  
one hundred and fifty men he crossed to Longue Pointe,  
from whence he intended on the morrow to march upon  
and capture Montreal.

In the morning the presence of the invaders was discov-  
ered by a habitant, who at once hastened to the city and  
gave the alarm.

A band of militia, reinforced by sixty regulars of the  
city garrison, promptly marched down to Longue Pointe,  
and after a scattering fight in skirmish order the invaders  
were repulsed and scattered. Allen and thirty-five of his  
followers being captured. When that little battle was  
fought the Longue Pointe church had been standing forty-  
six years.

The church will be rebuilt, but it is quite unlikely that  
the old structure will be restored. A larger and a wholly  
modern building will take its place, but the old site will be  
used, and a larger edifice looking out upon the St. Law-  
rence will remind incoming sailors that they are ap-  
proaching the end of their voyage.

### Deserted Places.

OLD temples standing high on bare lone hills;  
Gaunt castles rooted in the living rock;  
Prone cities, gateway, rampart, statue tower  
Laid level by some ancient earthquake shock.

Tall columns raised to heroes long forgot;  
Queen's chambers left to silence and neglect;  
Cold altars where priest-litened sacred fires;  
Burned once to gods whom all men now reject.

Huge columned fore-court, record monolith;  
Vast pylon, buried in oblivious sand;  
Great archways that some monarch rode beneath  
Returning from some abject, conquered land.

All these I saw and felt their eerie charm,  
And, fleeing, left, to wander far and wide  
Among thronged cities—but returned unto  
Deserted places and the ebbing tide.

—Christine Siebenack Swayne in "The Visionary and  
Other Poems."

Kaiser Wilhelm has an income of \$5,000,000 a year, as  
the king of Prussia and as a private landlord. In his  
capacity of German Emperor he does not get a penny.

We suppose that no man was ever so safe in Central  
Africa as David Livingstone. Why? Precisely because  
he enjoyed the protection of no foreign power, and went  
about with no other protection than his own goodness and  
purity, says the Manchester Guardian.

## Dr. Ingram's Im- pressions of Canada

The Bishop of London Tells What  
He Saw and Heard While on His  
Visit to the Dominion.

THE Bishop of London contributes to The Diocesan  
Magazine a chatty account of his visit to Canada.  
These impressions are the more interesting as he refused  
to write articles concerning his tour for other publi-  
cations. He says:

"Certainly one of the things which I shall remember  
most was the touching way in which on the last morning  
the emigrants came in dozens to the upper deck for me  
to autograph their Victorian cards as a memento to carry  
off to Winnipeg or other towns in the far West as a  
memento of our time together crossing the Atlantic.

"To see Quebec for the first time as you round the  
bend of the beautiful St. Lawrence is certainly a moment  
in your life, and immediately I saw it I felt there was one  
text possible for my sermon next day in the cathedral, 'A  
city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.' I found a fellow  
enthusiast about Quebec in my old friend Lord Grey, who  
came down during Saturday night to Quebec to greet me;  
and although I did not meet him until after church, I  
distinctly heard a rustle of approval in the Govern-  
ment's pew when I  
said that Quebec was one  
of the few really famous  
spots on the world's sur-  
face.

"Then another thing  
which I must notice was  
the welcome I received  
from the French-Can-  
adians. They seemed  
touched from the start by  
my public recognition of  
the splendid work done  
by the French Jesuit mis-  
sionaries and nuns in the  
early days, both at Que-  
bec and Montreal, and  
showed their loyalty to  
the empire, and their  
welcome for me who had  
come in a friendly spirit  
to visit them. French  
Canada is as loyal as  
ever to the British  
Crown.

"Ottawa was cool after  
Montreal, and the Gov-  
ernor-General had sent  
his 'aide,' Mr. Leveson  
Gower—another old

friend—and some of his servants to entertain us at  
Government House during our stay. The reception there,  
however, was as warm and cordial as at Montreal. And  
here I must again remark upon the wonderful loyalty of  
Canada. We sang 'God Save the King' at breakfast, lun-  
cheon, and dinner; and this was only the first of the great  
meetings, when representatives of all denominations were  
present on the platform, and people of all classes and  
creeds appeared to hear a word from the Old Country.

It was at Ottawa, too, that I had the first experience of  
one of the 'Canadian Club' luncheons, which are such  
features of Canadian life. At Ottawa Sir Wilfrid Laurier  
came to the club luncheon, sat by my side, showed me  
how to eat a Canadian corn 'cob,' and expressed himself  
much interested, and even affected, by the account of the  
slums in old London.

"Nowhere did we have more delightful golf than on  
the beautiful links at Ottawa, and this feature of the tour  
had the incidental advantage of bringing me into touch  
with a class of men who haunt the golf links and tennis  
courts of the British Empire and the States, who o her-  
wise would have felt they had no part or lot in the visit  
of a bishop to their country. Our stay at Toronto was  
delightful in every way, and I may mention that all  
through the tour we have been favored with the most  
beautiful weather, only having two wet days during the  
whole time. This, of course, had added to the beauty of  
the scenery through which we have passed."

Dr. Ingram concludes his account of his Canadian  
tour in these words: "The expedition left me with a great  
idea, not only of the love of Canada for the Old Country,  
and for any one who came from it, but of its boundless  
possibilities. There is room in Canada for a hundred  
millions of people, and it ought eventually to be one of  
the greatest nations of the earth. We ought to see to it  
that it remains British in race and sentiment by sending  
out our best sons and daughters to it; and, above all, ought  
to spare no sacrifice or effort that those who go carry  
with them the ministrations of the Old Church which has  
made England great in the past, and that the new nation  
shall be in heart and life and sentiment first of all  
'Christian.'"

Says the St. John Times: We have all been saying  
nice things about Mr. Kipling as an empire builder, poet,  
story writer, man of affairs, and representative of the  
best type of Briton and Imperialist. We have done it  
out of a full heart, with the lavish generosity of this  
Western world. The Canadian Club, of St. John, invited  
him to deliver an address here, and pressed upon him for  
the second time the great desire of our people to do him  
honor. It was up to Mr. Kipling to do something hand-  
some. It was ardently hoped and expected that he would.  
Alas for human hopes in this latitude! Mr. Kipling wrote  
a second time that he could not come, and addressed the  
letter to the secretary of the Canadian Club, "St. John,  
Nova Scotia." The absent-minded beggar.

Hall Caine, Jr., in an interview in Paris recently, said:  
"America is ahead of England in respect to weekly pub-  
lications, for publishers there aim at a higher standard  
and the reading public supports the first-class periodicals.  
In England illustrated papers lower the tone to strike a  
popular taste. Rarely an article of any merit appears in  
an illustrated British weekly. Generally speaking, Eng-  
lish weeklies showing literary merit, but not publishing  
photographs of passing events, are among the periodicals  
which are not paying."

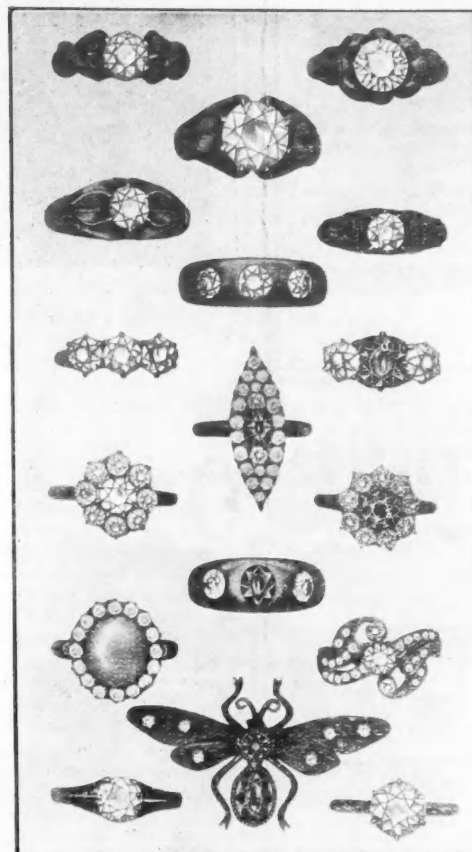
Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne, wife of the well-known  
poet, has started in business as a milliner, in Paris. This  
lady is the poet's second wife, and is herself a writer of  
more than ordinary merit. She was Miss Julie Norre-  
gard, and his views at one of his lectures so impressed  
her that she fell in love with him at sight.

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chase our Diamonds direct from the cutters as manufacturers  
(not as mere retailers), thereby getting most liberal discounts.  
These advantages are your price saving and obtainable at no  
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their individuality—the product of our own workmen.

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RUSSIAN PONY, MOLE and  
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read about—and heard about—and  
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It is a pure, old, creamy brew—with a  
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And you may drink all of it you like.  
Being extra mild, it won't make you  
bilious.

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"Special" Extra Mild Ale**

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We produce these dainty cards on the premises, so that excellent service and work is assured.

Our Stationery Department is showing over 150 artistic designs, many of which we cannot duplicate a little later on.

The prices, complete with mailing envelopes, range from 75 cents up.

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SHAMPOO  
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## Young Canadians Serving the King

LXXVI.



CAPTAIN ROSS J. F. HAYTER,  
Cheshire Regiment. Graduate Royal Military College of Canada, 1895.

### Social and Personal

ON Thursday, November 14, the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Louise Bethune, youngest daughter of Lady Howland, and Rev. Thomas Clyman Campbell, associate rector of Christ Church, Cincinnati, O., was solemnized in St. Paul's church. Rev. Canon Cody officiating. Miss Bethune was brought in by her brother, Mr. Charles J. R. Bethune, and looked lovely and graceful in a semi-Empire gown of soft white satin, trimmed with fine lace seeded with pearls, a veil of tulle with a crown of orange blossoms and a shower bouquet of lily of the valley and ferns. A necklace of pearls and a pearl and diamond pendant were her only jewels. Miss Elizabeth Bethune McDougall, niece of the bride, was bridesmaid, looking very nice in a pink frock, with Irish lace, and a wide pink hat with feathers and ribbon trimmings, and carrying pink roses. Little Miss Ethel Kirkpatrick was flower girl, in a charmingly dainty white embroidered frock over pink, with quaint white felt *chapeau* trimmed with pink, and basket of pink roses and lily of the valley. Mr. John A. Campbell, of Lancaster, Pa., was his brother's best man, and the ushers were Rev. W. H. Poole, of Christ church, Cincinnati, Rev. Edwin Lewis, of Dayton, O., and Mr. W. Lytle Foster, a vestryman of the bridegroom's congregation. Rev. Edwin Lewis has an interest in this city, as he married a short time since, Miss McMurry, sister of our popular singer. St. Paul's was decorated with white mums and palms and the pillars were fluted with white muslin up and down the aisles by which the bride entered and left the church, white ribbons reserving the seats for the invited guests. After the ceremony a reception was held by Lady Howland at the Queen's, where a suite of rooms was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and a very dainty dejeuner served by McConkey. Lady Howland received in a very rich black gown, with wide cap; collar of exquisite rose point, and a small black and white bonnet; a huge bouquet of violets finished her handsome costume. Mrs. Drummond Hogg, aunt of the bride, came up from Ottawa for the wedding, and wore a delicate gown of black Chantilly over white with violet hat and carried violets. Mrs. McDougall, sister of the bride, was in pearl grey *voil-de-soie*, black plumed hat and carried pink carnations. The wedding gifts were arranged in a parlor of the suite and were beautiful and artistic, as usual. Perhaps there was additional fervor in the good wishes which accompanied them, as the bride is much loved by her friends, and will reside far from Toronto. The buffet and salon in which the dejeuner was served were handsomely done in pink roses, pink mums, lily of the valley and palms, pink being the bride's favorite color, and a tone of merry and pleasant happiness seemed to pervade the air, everyone being in great spirits, and the ushers notably good company, and fine fellows. One often hears the remark, "She's marrying a parson," and spoken with gentle commiseration by the bride's friends, but such a tone of thought did not seem appropriate at Miss Bethune's wedding, whose bridegroom and clerical "aides" were the brightest, jolliest and most happy looking party who ever carried off a sweet Toronto bride. When the hour of their departure arrived, the guests lined the reserved corridor and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell went gaily down an avenue of smiling friends, each one sending a hearty "Good luck and God bless them," after the young couple. The bride looked very well in her rich costume of prune chiffon velvet and toque, a set of white fox furs being worn, and proving most becoming. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell are now in Boston where Mr. Campbell's relatives are most noted people, and will be in Toronto for a short visit before settling down in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery are going to Middleton, N. S., to reside, as Mr. Montgomery has been appointed to the management of a branch of the bank there. Mrs. Montgomery is spending a little while with her mother, Mrs. Crease, and has been entertained at various pleasant little functions during the week.

The *bal poudre*, most picturesque of balls, came off with due *eclat* at the King Edward on Wednesday evening, and was a great success. The wisdom of putting this event early in the season, instead of at the end when the dancers and dresses are all used up, was amply evidenced. The freshness and beauty of the toilettes was noticeable, and the young, bright faces of the girls looked wonderfully pretty under their snowy coiffures. Toward the end of the evening some of the heads had almost regained their natural dark hue, while some curls "pinned on," remained white as snow, having a most curious effect. The orchestra was very good and the floor like glass. Many of the ladies interested in the Ladies' Work Depository, were at the dance early and stayed late. Mrs. Hodgins, in white with powdered coiffure; Mrs. John I. Davidson, in a handsome jetted lace gown; Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, in a rich black gown; Mrs. Sprague, in black with jet; and Mrs. George Harman, in black with point lace bertha; Mrs. Arnoldi, in mauve brocade; Mrs. Sweny, of

Rohallion, in white striped satin; Mrs. Kay, in black with touches of white and green. The Misses Mortimer Clark were at the ball in dainty white gowns, but not *poudre*; Mrs. Alec Ireland wore a lovely white gown heavily embroidered, and her daughter, Miss Harriette, was in white, both ladies being coiffed in Duchess of Devonshire style; Mr. and Mrs. Fleury, the lady in cream satin, brought their *debutante* niece, Miss Marguerite, in a very pretty lace and *mousseline de soie* frock, with cunning little curls on her powdered coiffure; Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, the latter in black touched with steel, brought Miss Hunter, a charming girl in a black frock, and their daughter, Miss Amy, in a becoming white gown; Mr. Webster brought his *debutante*, Miss Ethel, who looked very pretty; Mr. Arthur Jarvis brought Miss Muriel in a dainty pompadour silk; Miss Holland, of Deer Park, looked lovely in white, with pink roses; Captain Charles Boone brought his bride of last June, who wore a pretty pink ball gown, and was very much admired; Mrs. T. B. Taylor brought a family party, Mr. and Mrs. George Gale and the *debutante*, Miss Evelyn, who wore a pink frock; Mrs. Hallam brought her daughter, Miss Hallam, in a vivid scarlet illusion gown, with silver trimmings; Miss Aileen Robertson wore orange taffeta and Miss Hilda Burton, who came with Mr. and Mrs. F. Aylesworth, was in lettuce green with a dainty trimming of many tiny frills; Miss Jeannette Barclay came with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clark and wore a beautiful dress of striped satin tissue in semi-empire style; Miss Margaret Scott, of Hamilton, wore a handsome white gown; Miss Skill was radiant in black with powder and patches; Miss Blanche Miles wore coral pink, and Miss Elsie Sankey flowered *mousseline* with yellow satin ribbons; Miss Patti Warren was artistically gowned in white satin and wore a splendid *coiffure poudre*; Miss Carson was in pale blue, and Miss Beatrice Taylor in white with silver band in her coiffure; Miss Georgia Macdonald was very daintily gowned and elaborately coiffed; Miss Darling was in mauve, and so was Miss Evelyn Somerville. A very smart party, including Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Clayton, Mr. Beardmore, Mrs. Vincent Greene, attracted much admiration. Mrs. Osborne wore a silver tissue gown and was beautifully coiffed; Mrs. Clayton was also exquisitely gowned; Mrs. Greene was in a pink empire gown; Mr. Osborne and Mr. Beardmore wore the hunting pink; Mr. Jack Alley wore the Yacht Club uniform, and his pretty wife was in pink India silk widely tucked; Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Miss Adele Falconbridge came together, the young matron in a sumptuous empire gown of brocade panne velvet in dull rose color and flowing wattle sashes of wide ecru lace, and Miss Boulton in yellow with white lace. Two charming little ladies from Hamilton, Miss Mills and Miss Macleod, were welcome out of town guests. Another visitor who created much admiration was Mrs. Grey-Burnand, who came with Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Burnand; she wore a gown of black lace over white, with panels of silver paillettes, a little train of emerald green and a green tip in her lovely white coiffure; Mrs. Burnand wore a white tissue gown embellished with white vine leaves, and an osprey in her powdered hair. Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston brought her daughter, Miss Jessie, who looked her very best in a pretty pink silk frock and powdered coiffure; Mrs. Murray in black over white, brought Miss Marjorie, in a pretty silk dress; Miss Greta and Miss Eva Haney were also among the gay throng; Miss Band wore a white satin gown with a band of coral pink about her neck; the Misses Spence wore pretty gowns and had much attention; Miss Hazel Nicholls was in white with powdered hair; Miss Mabel Lennox wore a deep red gown and came with Mrs. Lennox, who was in white silk; Mrs. Tom Clark wore one of the prettiest gowns at the ball, silvery grey and dove grey in brocade stripes, on filmiest tissue, quite impossible to describe but very unique and beautiful; Mrs. Palmer was in a very handsome gown and fine diamonds; Miss Joan Arnoldi was a picture in pale pink; Miss Marjorie wore a very deep pink; Miss Edith Kay looked very nice in dotted pink *mousseline de soie*, and Miss Helen Davidson was lovely in blue satin striped chifon; Miss Kathleen Gordon wore a pale pink gown; Miss Adele Harman was a *debutante* who looked her best and had a jolly time; Mr. and Mrs. Capreole, the lady in white with bands of black velvet; Mrs. Victor Armstrong and her bright, young daughter in cowslip yellow with bands of black velvet; Mrs. Chalcraft and her charming daughters; Mr. George Sears, Major Morris, Mr. Lane, Mr. Young, Mr. Travers Kirkland, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Perry, Mr. Allen Case, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Henderson, Mr. St. George Baldwin, were a few others present. The stewards were Mr. Harry Baldwin, Mr. Harry Grubbe, Mr. Duncan Coulson, Mr. Louis Gibson, Mr. E. Houston, Mr. Stephen Jones, Dr. Newbold Jones, Mr. Kenneth Macdougall, Mr. Louis S. McMurray, Mr. Frank McCarthy, Mr. John Palmer, Mr. J. P. Stevenson, Mr. Douglas Warren, Mr. J. F. McMurray, Mr. Mervin Rathbun, Mr. Harry Walker. Supper was served at eleven-thirty and tables were set in the banquet room with one long table for the patronesses and managers, and an overflow was arranged in the corridor to accommodate the large crowd. Everything seemed extra nice and was carefully served.

The three year old daughter of a Toronto millionaire thus soliloquized, while industriously working a toy sweeper: "I've working, everybody's got to work. Baby sister's working. She's cutting her own teeth!"

A poppy garden in full bloom in November, tea served amongst the standing poppies is a delicious idea and every one is going to St. George's church school house, where it is now being held, to see how the miracle is managed. Beside and beyond the poppy walks are rustic arbors where the latest novelties are found in fancy work and whose home-made cake and candy can be procured. In fact all the usual attractions even to Punch and Judy will be found there, but best of all is the poppy garden where all are free to walk, Nov. 22 and 23, afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Orr, of 176 Bloor street east celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Wednesday, Nov. 13, by entertaining about forty of their near relatives at dinner. Their oldest son, Mr. Cyrus P. Orr, of Birmingham, Alabama, and Mrs. Orr came up for the occasion. The dining room was decorated with golden chrysanthemums, while the whole house was filled with lovely bouquets of flowers sent by Mrs. Orr's friends. After dinner there were many speeches, the toast of the evening being responded to by both the host and hostess. Mrs. Orr's only regret was that her seven granddaughters from Alabama could not be with her. Telegrams and golden tokens were received from all quarters of the continent. The evening was spent in singing songs of the olden days, mostly, and a flashlight photograph was taken, after which Auld Lang Syne was sung.



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276 Yonge Street

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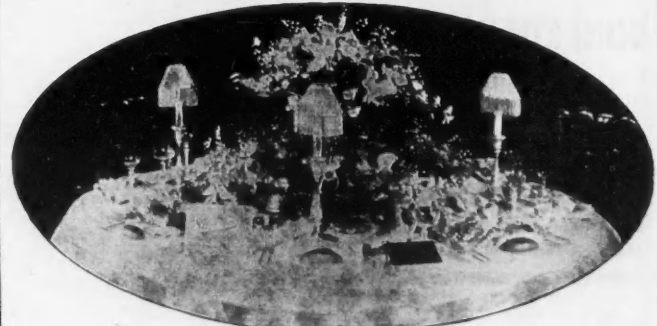
Every physician will tell you that pure Cocoa is the best beverage in the world, but it must be pure Cocoa.

Cowan's Perfection is absolutely pure.

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## THE FLOWER SHOW



The First Prize Decorated Dining Table, Exhibited by J. S. Simmons, Toronto, at the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition 1906.

MR. SIMMONS has always been most successful in capturing the best prizes, but this year he is not exhibiting, owing to the pressure of business—many of the fashionable weddings and social functions occupying his attention.

## Early Xmas Shopping

There are many advantages in making your purchases while our selections are at their best.

This is especially applicable in our Diamond Department, where some of our higher priced creations are not to be had in duplicate.

In Pendants, Necklaces, Rings and Bracelets we show an unparalleled and enviable collection of gem prices unique and handsome beyond compare.

One specimen of particular beauty, a Pendant composed exclusively of fine gem diamonds and remarkably low priced at \$375.00 has attracted much favorable comment. Ask to see, if only for the sake of inspection.

**B. & H. B. KENT**

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

144 Yonge St., TORONTO

BENJAMIN KENT

HERBERT B. KENT



**The Benefit of Doubt.**

THERE's a subtle fascination in the things that are not known: The mysteries we may not understand.

And we very seldom manage to "Let well enough alone."

We lose our chance by "calling" Fortune's hand.

It isn't that so much depends upon the net result,

Or that we really care so much about it:

It's simple curiosity that leads us to exult

In finding out—It's pleasanter to doubt it.

A dream may be as tempting as "the sparkle in the cup";

But you can not eat your cake and keep it, too.

And when you taste, you always run the risk of waking up.

Investigation spoils your chance for you.

For whether, when you test the thing, you find it isn't so,

Or just that your idea was wrong about it:

It's too late when it's over with to wish you didn't know.

You dodge the disappointment when you doubt it.

When a maiden poses, pensive, as to attitude and ease,

With a captivating curve or two betrayed;

And a tantalizing twinkle tempting you to what you please,

There is danger in the contradiction made.

You strike a safer medium to rest the matter so.

You'd like to know the truth, but do without it.

You're not "for keeps," and yet you'd hate to have her tell you "No."

The nicest thing to do, then, is to doubt it.

In a little tilt of talents between a man and you,

Fight shy of anything that would impel

A settled understanding. You can see the game clear through

And enjoy the situation just as well.

There's little left of interest if you drop the question mark.

It's all so common when we know about it.

The pleasure of conjecture is En-joyment's vital spark—

The spicy possibility to doubt it.

—Ruth Huntton, in *The Reader*.

**Noblesse Oblige.**

TO live the life my father taught,

Of honor, dignity and length;

To do the little things I ought;

To know, but not to show my strength;

To make and keep a friend or two,

And show a kindness every day;

To do the work I have to do,

And do it in a goodly way;

To earn so much as I may need

For my own wants, and little more;

To win, perhaps, a cheering meed

From Her whose praise I labor for;

To do no hurt by thoughtless speech,

By careless, cruel look or act;

To learn from whomsoever may teach

The kindly courtesy of tact—

These, the ideals to approach,

These be the lessons I must scan,

That I may bear, without reproach

The grand old name of Gentleman.

—E. Carroll Schaffer, in *Life*.

**Mary Burke.**

OCH, shure 'tis well I mind the day,

Whin out we set for Galway Bay;

The sun was shinin' on your brow—

I sees it all as if 'twas now!

To Ballyvaughan off we went,

The gladdest day I iver spint—

Mary Burke, Mary Burke!

An' so we talked o' times to come,

An' how we'd have our little home;

The smile o' God was in your eyes,

An' thin the moon began to rise,

Your hand was lyin' close in mine,

As down I throppt the fishin'-line—

Mary Burke, Mary Burke!

An' whin we come to Galway town,

Childer was sleepin' safe and sound;

Your cheeks was like two roses bright

As home I wint an' bid good-night.

An' all my dreams was thoughts o' you,

Till flow'rs shone bright wid mornin' dew—

Mary Burke, Mary Burke!

But since you've reached the goolden shore—

'Twas angels called you shure, as there—

The lights looks quinch'd in Galway town,

But eyes from heav'n is beamin' down

To speed me on, on Galway Bay,

Until 'tis you an' God I'll see—

Mary Burke, Mary Burke!

—Agnes I. Hanrahan.

**On the Silver Saskatchewan**

Edmonton, the World's Greatest Raw Fur Centre. Written by Angus Dean Cameron in the *Burr-Melnoosh Monthly*

WHEN you listen to the Russian Doukhobor talking prices to a Scottish halfbreed outside a real estate office with a French name kept by an Irishman from Jamaica you acknowledge that Edmonton on the Silver Saskatchewan, eight hundred miles north of Winnipeg, is cosmopolitan. When the vociferous jellu at the railway station yells, accommodatingly, "Drive you to any hotel or any tent in town for a dollar!" you realize that the city is growing and growing apace. When you read the sign, "The Honorable Hudson's Bay Company, established 1670" you remember that here was "The Last House" spoken of by the few missionaries and explorers who passed this way a hundred years ago, partakers from post to post of the hospitality of the Ancient Company.

Seeking Edmonton to-day the traveler arrives luxuriously in a parlor car dazzled somewhat with the panorama of new raw towns and intervening stretches of wheat which mark the whole stretch from Winnipeg.

Edmonton is unique. Street cars and electric lights and automobiles and Worth gowns, and, in equal evidence with these, the Stetson hat of the cowboy and beaded moccasin of the Blackfoot. There are four-storey public buildings of stone and down in the coulee fifty families are living in tents because carpenters and builders cannot keep pace with immigration. The whole thing is a bit disconcerting. When you stop to listen to the strains of the Moonlight Sonata drifting out from a tent and see the owner of a lean-to shack step from his shabby roof-tree into a five-thousand dollar auto, you rub your eyes and wonder if you have found Topsy-Turvy Land.

The city sits high up on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan down whose widestream, to barter at her gates, trader and trapper have floated their furs for a century.

For many decades Edmonton was the end of the trail; at this outpost of Empire the Hudson Bay Co., acting as middlemen, passed the products of the chase from Cree to Christian, the products of civilization from Christian to Cree. Up to her front door came trader and adventurer. Away from her back door once a year groaned the wooden wheels of the Red River ox carts on their grand voyage into an unknown North. This beautiful, and perhaps the most progressive, of the cities of Western Canada has a history ancient and a lineage of romance. Old are the trails that lead to her doors. An honorable daughter of the Hudson's Bay Co., and the greatest of its raw fur centers, the history of Edmonton cannot well be studied apart from that of the parent company, the world's oldest existing chartered trading concern.

Fascinating is the story of the rule of the fur traders.

In these old fur days the trade between Edmonton and Winnipeg, the present bustling capital of Manitoba, was by bull train. Freighters left Edmonton as soon as the grass was green, and the oxen, with their clumsy Red River carts, took two months to leisurely cover the eight or nine hundred miles to Winnipeg.

These carts, forerunners of the palatial parlor cars, were built, by the halfbreeds, of oak, and no iron entered into their construction; the wheels were without tires, an extra axle being lashed beneath the car by shaganappi (rawhide), after the fashion of the extra wheel of the automobilist of to-day. An ox could drag half a ton fifteen miles a day, in one of these creaking carts, and often May, June, July, August and September were occupied in the round trip from Edmonton to Winnipeg and back to Edmonton again.

For the consumer it was costly freighting; a 200 pound barrel of salt, which at the works cost, perhaps, a dollar, would have its value increased twenty or thirty dollars by the time it creaked and jolted and rattled its summer journey from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

Inside the old Fort incredible numbers of buffalo robes were bought from Blackfoot and Cree, who warred and hunted on the Great Plains while the Wood Indians of the Peace and Athabasca brought in princely packs of fox, fisher, marten, lynx, beaver and bear skins.

From the mighty waterways of the far north those precious pelts were carried on snowshoes, in dog sleighs, and by canal and river portage to the

gates of Old Edmonton, thence down the Saskatchewan in York boats by lake and river to Hudson's Bay and the company's sailing ships to London—a far call from the Mackenzie mouth within the Arctic Circle to old Father Thames, from the back of a silver fox to the back of a dowager duchess.

In the bronze and green days of early autumn still, as of old, the Indian trapper with his wife and dogs and babies, his winter's provisions and his household goods, turns his paddle northward to match for half a year his cunning and endurance with that of the furry brothers of the place.

Outfitting is a family affair; the squaw assists her spouse to wisely choose bacon and beans and blankets, big traps for the bear and little ones for the muskrat, and even the brown-faced, big-eyed babies have a voice in the yearly purchase. All this the storekeeper furnishes on the credit of the furs that are to come. The Indian's promissory note is the uncaught fox, the endorsement his recorded skill as a mighty hunter.

Poling, paddling, packing, up lonely rivers they go, scudding before the wind across unnamed lakes and making portage from water to water, to reach the fur country just as winter is solidifying the universe. The six-fathom or north canoes of the old days held three tons each and on starting out were loaded to the gunwale with flour and tents and guns and babies, not forgetting gum and spruce-roots for hurried repairs to a crack in the birch-bark.

It is but a thin sheeting between Indian and water and even the babies learn to tread gently. When the earliest frosts crisping the lakes and rivers make a knife-edge that menaces the birch-bark the canoes are discarded for snowshoes and sleighs and the long journey is continued. Arrived in the fur country, wigwams are built, and from these domestic and strategic centers the trapper works. As the heavier dams and fox trails play out, the family altar shifts to fresh woods and pastures new, and within the wigwam the precious pile of skins, the Indian bank account, adds to golden numbers.

So the winter wears away and the summer sun slants strong among the pines; the rills and river sing again the anthem of the free; it is time to turn south to Edmonton.

Sled and snowshoes are cast aside, the old canoes brought out of winter cache and the homeward journey begins, the journey toward the Fort, where summer pleasures succeed winter vigils and the trapper reaps for skin of marten and beaver, all the tawdry sweets of civilized life.

No trapper ever is induced to give up his work for the tamer toils of civilization.

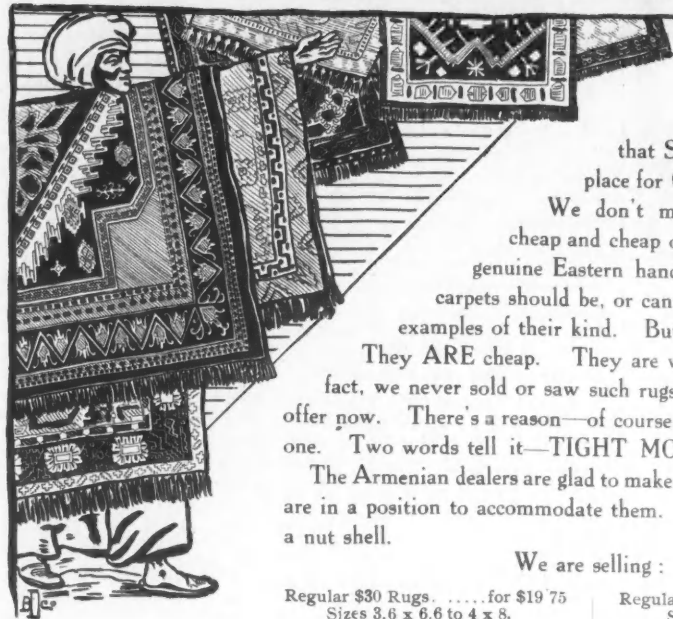
Trapping is hazardous and lonely, and tries the soul of a man, but it has the perpetual charm of the element of chance, and looking at traps is like looking at the tapes of a ticker. Every pearl-diver dreams of finding the wonderful pink pearl, so every trapper cherishes visions of a silver fox that will bring to him kudos and riches. Every great World's Fair gives an impetus to the fur trade. One dealer paid \$3,000 for a Canadian silver fox, two and a half feet in length, for the Paris Exposition. The fact was chronicled by the press of two continents and sent the heart of the trapper beating in excitement and anticipation. Might not he hope to find a skin to rival this?

But the good old days are gone, the days when an Indian hunter could kill his 700 or 800 beavers in a season, carrying only the choicest to the doors of the trader, using some as rugs and mats and piously hanging a quota on the trees to commemorate the death of parent or child.

The beaver was always the unit of trade value. In 1742, according to Joseph la France, the Hudson's Bay actor gave two fish-hooks for one beaver, an axe or a pound of gunpowder for four beavers, a checked



The Fisherman: Now that's a fine turn-out an' no mistake. His Wife: Aye; but what's the life belt for?—Tatler.

**Genuine Oriental Rugs  
Cheaper Here Than Anywhere**

WE want you to understand without any doubt or question that Simpson's is the cheap place for Genuine Oriental Rugs.

We don't mean that our rugs are cheap and cheap only—they're all that genuine Eastern handwoven, vegetable-dyed carpets should be, or can be. They are perfect examples of their kind. But—

They ARE cheap. They are wonderfully cheap. In fact, we never sold or saw such rugs at such prices as we offer now. There's a reason—of course there is. And a good one. Two words tell it—TIGHT MONEY.

The Armenian dealers are glad to make sacrifices this year. We are in a position to accommodate them. There you have it in a nut shell.

We are selling:

Regular \$30 Rugs. .... for \$19.75 Sizes 3.6 x 6.6 to 4 x 8.	Regular \$40 to \$50 Rugs for \$29.75 Sizes 3.9 x 8 to 4.6 x 9.
Regular \$35 to \$40 Rugs for ..... \$24.75 Sizes 4.2 x 7 to 4.6 x 8.	Regular \$50 to \$65 Rugs for \$35.75 Sizes, for hall strips or runners, 3.2 x 9 to 4.6 x 12.

We sell GREENWICH Linoleum—Quality A, 95c yard. Quality B, 85c yard.

**Curtains Made Free**

WE offer to do any work on drapery costing \$1.00 a yard or over free of charge from now until the end of November. Portieres, Lambrequins, Valances, Piano Draping, etc., etc. Just as carefully planned and just as tastefully made as though you paid for the work as usual. We make this concession to forestall the pressure which December always brings.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO

**BLANK BOOKS  
—BUSINESS FORMS**

ALL DESCRIPTIONS, MADE TO ORDER.

**The Hunter Rose Co., Limited**  
TORONTO

has received over two cwt. of various styles of patent foods, and is rather amused at the rush of the merchants for the sake of advertisement. His first meal, however, will take the form of a cup of Bovril and a biscuit. Mr. James Mearns, having acceded to M. Beaute's request to be present to administer the stimulant.

**The Coming Mode.**

NOW Fashion with relentless club smites woman hip and thigh, And all redundancy of curve Tyrannic does deny.

So lovely woman straight and stiff In future will be found,

A dainty dressed up clothes peg Perambulating round.

H. S. WALTER.  
Hartney, Man., Nov., '07.

"An artist," said the man with pointed whiskers, "must not think about money." "I suppose not," answered Mr. Cumrox; "every time I buy a picture, the artist wants enough to keep him from thinking about money for the rest of his life."—Washington Star.

A physician writes to the London Spectator that he was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see him concerning her condition, and greeted him with the words, "Mr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"—Woman's Home Companion.

"Tompkins has got more nerve than any man I ever met." "What now?" "He came over to my place yesterday to borrow my gun, saying that he wanted to kill a dog that kept him awake nights." "Well, what of it?" "It was my dog he killed."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mrs. A.—Yesterday, while we were passing a building that's being erected, my hat caught a piece of the scaffolding, and my husband had to buy me another. Mrs. B.—On what street is that building?—Transatlantic Tales.

**"The House That Quality Built"****The Making to Order of  
Ladies' Ulsters  
and Coats**

is proving a pronounced success whether we view this new department from the volume of trade done or the perfect satisfaction we have given our patrons.

Exclusive patterns in specially imported Scotch Tweeds and Special Designers, Cutters and Work People to produce these swaggar garments.

**Coats, \$25.00 and upwards  
Ulsters, \$45.00 and upwards**

Get particulars—call or write.

**R. SCORE & SON**  
77 King St. W., TORONTO

The half-yearly statement of the Imperial Bank of Canada shows the profits of the bank for the six months ending October 31, 1907, after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, and after making provisions for bad and doubtful debts, etc., to be \$389,027.43. Quarterly dividends have been paid at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum.

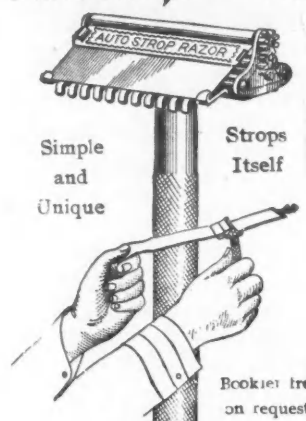


**LABATT'S**

Recommended by physicians for nervous people. Taken at night, it acts as a harmless and very effective hypnotic. Calming and a nerve tonic—nourishes and strengthens. Palatable and without any disagreeable after effects.

**PORTER**

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Simple and Unique

Strops Itself

Bookies free on request

Renews edge every shave without trouble or expense. Nothing to take apart for stropping or cleaning. At up-to-date dealers on trial.

**AUTO-STROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.**  
Limited  
14 St. Helen Street, Montreal

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We have a unique collection of Wall Papers, beautiful designs, skillfully and artistically colored.

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Estimates submitted for decorating in all its branches.

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## SPORTING COMMENT

NOW that the first ice is beginning to show itself in the early mornings, the young man's fancy naturally turns to thoughts of skates, pucks, and shin-pads. In the headquarters of the different clubs the grave and reverend signors of the game delve deep into their club's history and profiting therefrom, make inspiring plans for the future. But the bustle is by no means confined to the stalwarts. There are new clubs in the making in all sorts of unexpected places, in banks, mission churches, factories and dry goods emporiums, and each morning our eyes are greeted by some new one with the customary robust list of honorary vice-presidents and other dividend-producing officers.

These signs of activity are more noticeable this year than ever before. Manufacturers report an unprecedented demand for sweaters of such rich and diverse hues that a club yell is rendered unnecessary, and the usual ante-season scramble for playing privileges at various rinks is in progress. It naturally follows that those first in line will get the best hours, and it is a safe proposition that the members of a good many clubs will have to take their practice at a time when they should be at home taking a short course of tired nature's sweet restorer. These are not the minor drawbacks they appear to be, for man is a social animal, and that so many young fellows are willing to have their evenings thus dismembered speaks well for their interest in the game.

The members of the different O.H.A. committees also scent the fray from afar, and are girding themselves for the strife. This is well, for if last year's performances are any criterion, there is warm work ahead. In an athletic body of this size there are always some feverish members who will be found endeavoring to introduce something not found on the bills, and they have to be soothed or smitten as the occasion demands.

Perhaps some day a new book of martyrs will be written, in which case we think a large portion of the volume will be taken up with life and times of men who thoughtlessly allowed themselves to be elected to the governing boards of large athletic bodies. Of this class the O.H.A. is a shining example. The wisdom of Solomon and Socrates reduced to its final essence would have a hard task when confronted with the problems that continually crop up in Ontario hockey matters, and the fact that the O.H.A. slips up ever and anon is but an indication of its human origin. Notwithstanding its mistakes (and they are pretty scarce) the policy of the association is for the good of the game and the individual player. Any man who takes the trouble to go over the history of the sport in this province will concede that. The phenomenal growth of the game and the number of clubs in active membership speak for themselves, and the O.H.A. can count on the support of all those who like to see a game played for the game's sake.

The policy adopted in the past of pruning out all the rotten wood, though it has resulted in no small amount of abuse and back-talk, is the proper one if the sport is to grow and prosper. As long as this policy is pursued with strictness and impartiality, there is no fear for the future, but the minute it is relaxed, all the work of years is in a fair way to be undone.

Last winter two or three incipient rebellions were nipped in the bud. It will be interesting to watch the trend of affairs this season and see if the same tactics are repeated. The lesson is drastic, but some people are slow learners.

It has been a long time coming, but at last we are permitted to read a few words of comfort for the man of average build or the one who considers himself under-muscled. The editor of "American Medicine" discusses unwise training methods, deals a few sturdy back-slaps at the worship of "beef" in American colleges and at the same time permits himself a few thoughts on athletic development in general that should go a long way toward heartening the individual who thinks nature has neglected him. Listen to this:

"As civilization advances the man of intelligence is becoming more of a brain worker, directing the power of machines and the labor of animals or the lower races. Consequently a great musculature is really a parasite re-

quiring time and labor to keep it healthy, and also an undue amount of nourishment. Such men are not necessarily the best—indeed many of them die much earlier than is supposed, for they are physiological profligates. The digestive system is required to do much work unnecessary in men of lighter build, and in the race of life the least burdened have the advantage. . . . The dangers of great musculature are now well known. Such men are constantly tempted to an exertion for which the heart and arteries are not fitted, so that cardiac hypertrophy and arteriosclerosis are the inevitable results. Savage man did not work hard as a rule; he hunted intermittently and lay idle betimes. The arteries can stand that kind of treatment, but not persistent high tension."

"The advantages of a good physique need not be mentioned, though there can be no denial of the good accomplished by proper exercise for the defective, yet it should be recognized that the real development is during childhood and is a matter of proper living as well as congenital endowment. Boys may, therefore, be taught that wholesome living will be of more benefit than piles of parasitic muscles. Physical culture is not muscle culture."

This may sound like a voice crying in the wilderness, but it is a rational voice and one that is bound to be heard.

THOUGH it is unlikely that a speed ordinance will have to be passed on their account, the number of aspiring pedestrians who tour the Belt Line nightly and the pace they set, are alike remarkable. Any fine evening you may select, at least two or three will go sailing past you, elbows working and shoulders rolling in the most approved style.

A good many things may be said in favor of the latest craze. It requires no expensive apparatus, and as a tonic it throws the most cunning contrivances of the chemist completely in the background.

We know there are some people (probably of the parental persuasion) who think that a half an hour with a buck-saw would confer just as much benefit on the performer and a great deal more on other people; but we spurn this thought as unworthy and the product of a prejudiced mind.

MR. WM. FORAN, who is the big noise of the Ottawa end of the Federation, stated last week that the chances of the Federation being accepted as the governing body in Canadian athletics by the English Olympic officials, were decidedly bright, and gives as his reason for harboring such an undoubted "that the Olympic games committee could not afford to throw down the A.A.U. for the C.A.A.U., for without the American athletes the games in England next summer would be a failure."

It hardly seems possible that a man with ordinary common sense can still believe that such an absurdity can really happen, for the rules of the Olympic games have been published in most of the daily papers, and according to those rules there are but a few branches of sport wherein amateurs and professionals can compete together, namely, golf, lacrosse, fencing, skating and gymnastics, therefore the Federation's track and field men could not qualify, and surely Mr. Foran doesn't think that Canada will be content to be represented solely in the above mentioned sports after the showing made by her runners and field athletes this summer. The fact of the matter is that the Federationists can just about see their finish, and Mr. Foran is just trying to keep up the bluff for a while longer.

But will the American athletes stay away from England if the C.A.A.U. is acknowledged by the Olympic committee to be the big show in Canada? Well, hardly. Any old time that Jas. E. Sullivan keeps his stable away from a world's meet it won't be for any squabble over the eligibility of another country's athletes. No chance, Mr. Sullivan will continue to make loud and empty charges against Longboat, Coley and Walsh because these are the men that he most fears, but don't imagine that he will keep the whole A.A.U. at home because of them. He may not have entries in the events that Longboat and Coley compete in, because those boys have put it over his best runners during the past summer, but it is safe betting that Matt McGrath and John Flanagan will be casting the weights

from the same ring as Con Walsh. Nothing else to it, when springtime comes around the Americans will pack their telescopes and amble down to the dock all right, all right.

#### "The Reason Why."

Dedicated to the Officers and Members of the Brantford Golf Club.

PERSONALLY speaking—just between ourselves,

I want to tell you how I nearly won

The cup that was presented by our local magnate, at

The good old sporty links at Babbicombe.

Strong the competition—the rivalry was keen.

While golfers flocked around from far and near.

But there's no doubt about it, I had to leave without it,

The reason, I'll endeavor to make clear.

Conscientious training, before the tournament,

Had put me on the limit of my game,

I reached the semi-finals—by creditable play,

My Scottish foe, Macpherson, did the same,

Burning with excitement, the finals were discussed,

Both old and young compared our style and "stance"

Grew reckless with their money, and really it was funny,

The way they bet on their selected's chance.

Perfect was the weather, and greens in splendid shape,

When Mac and I teed up that noted day,

The gallery that follow'd, watched breathlessly each stroke,

And every little action of the play.

Donald A. Macpherson, my canny rival's name,

Was playing as he never played before—

While I was going steady, not brilliantly, but heady,

And driving like a Lyon, straight and sure.

Closely we contested each hole, and say Old Pal—

(Don't mind me calling you Old Pal, I'm sure!)

The first nine holes, precisely, I made in "thirty-six,"

And good Old Mac was only one stroke more.

Talk about excitement, I could feel it in the air,

And when I won the "fourteenth" hole in "three."

The gallery exploded, and pent up zeal unloaded,

In enthusiastic golfing ecstasy.

Personally speaking, "nerves" are little things,

That never seem to worry very much,

But on this one occasion I don't mind telling you,

My heart was thumping hard, to beat the Dutch.

"Steady there, old fellow," I muttered to myself,

Putting down a long and wily "putt,"

While I heard the "old Pro" saying, that's the kind of playing

Intended by the Gods to win the cup.

Awful was the tension, the match was now "all square,"

The "eighteenth" Mac had fortunately won,

Then once more off we started, prepared to do or die

And drove again two "birds" from "Number One."

But now, prepare for horror, approaching with my cleek,

I sliced into a motor flashing by, We shouted and we hollered, many vainly follow'd,

The cup was Mac's—and that's the reason why.

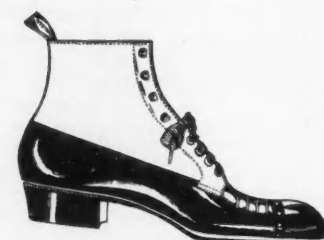
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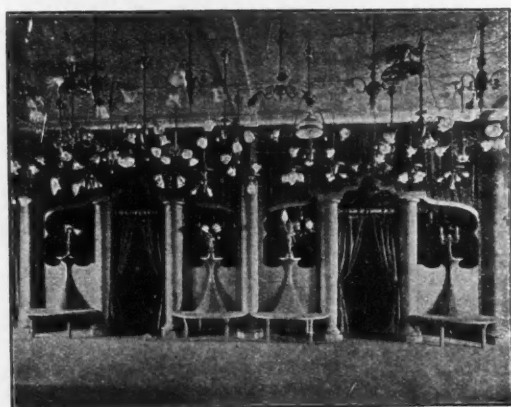
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## A GRIZZLY SCRIMMAGE

By H. G. CLARK

WE were prospecting the famous Black Range and following one of the steepest trails in all New Mexico. We had with us, packed to the limit, a big overgrown mule named Pete, which was formerly owned by the United States Government, but was condemned and sold cheap for his cussed meanness. Pete was no angel, simply a mule in every sense of the word, and known all over the range for his unmitigated stubbornness and for the dexterity with which he could handle his heels without provocation. His face carried an expression of dove-like innocence, almost a pleading look, which was very effective in luring a victim within range, then man or beast, Pete would let fly and turn to gaze in injured surprise.

We got started about sun-up, Price, with the one rifle of the party, in the lead—Pete in the rear where he had plenty of space in which to exercise his kicking tendencies should he feel so disposed. Our two burros, Florence Nightingale and Maximilian, were in between, and they saw to it that there was plenty of room between them and the mule, for they had about as much use for Pete as he had for them. The trail wound in and out among the great pines, wide spreading oaks and bushy cedars, and on each side was an almost impenetrable jungle. Our progress was slow, the steep and hilly ascent working the packs back on the animals. Now and then one of the burros just out of pure cussedness, would go out of his way to jam a pack under the low limb of a tree and cause us trouble in renewing the diamond hitch; but we finally reached the summit of the ridge, and commenced to work our way along until we reached a low hogback from which the trail sharply descended on the Iron Creek side. Here we stopped to gaze on the beautiful view spread out before us.

In the background lay Kingston, its tents glistening among the pines; in front, away in the distance, we could just discern Silver City, the gem of the mountains, nestling among the peaks; while far below through the beautiful valley flowed the clear sparkling waters of the river Mimbres.

Iron Creek canon is one of the wildest and most picturesque in the Black Range. Deep and narrow at the summit, with great forests on either side, it cuts its way through the heart of the majestic range, gradually broadening, until finally lost in the valley below. Deep tangled underbrush and luxuriant vegetation of all kinds grow down to the water's edge, affording excellent shelter and hiding places. Wild cereals and berries of all kinds, together with the succulent grass and pinon nuts, provide food for game of every description, and here the lover of big sport can revel to his heart's delight—bear, deer, mountain lion, quail, down even to the cottontail rabbit, make sport for rifle and shotgun.

Dark shadows darting here and there among the deep recesses of the canon, a faint haze of purple and gold slowly settling over the mountains, and the quick, sharp breeze coming up from the valley, warned us that the short December day was fast disappearing before coming night. Quickly dropping through the saddle of the divide, we started on a four-mile descent to our cabin at the mouth of the canon. All around us the quail were calling to each other from out the long grass. Now and then a covey would scurry across the trail, or if too closely pressed there would be a whirr and the beautiful birds would precede us down the trail.

We had reached a little grassy nook in the lower end of the canon where the foliage grew thick and berries were plentiful. Price and Foster with the two burros were ahead, and just behind me came a great raw-boned Irishman, Jim Kern, leading the irrepressible Pete. Suddenly and without warning, Price fired back in our direction, but in toward the creek.

"Turkey, Jim," I said, looking back.

The Irishman was standing with his mouth wide open, watching for turkey, when to his terror and amazement a great silver-tip grizzly with a cub at her heels, broke savagely through the brush and made directly for him.

"Be all that's howly, phats that?" exclaimed the terrified Irishman. Then, not waiting for an answer, Jim made one wild bolt up the mountain, closely pursued by the infuriated beast. Had she struck at him she would have had him, but she kept

snapping, and in that way he managed to keep a little ahead of her. If Jim had only known enough to run along the side of the mountain he would have stood a better chance, as the weight of the bear would have gradually pulled her down, while he worked up the steep ascent—but this was Jim's first bear and he wasn't thinking, just running and for all he was worth. How he did go! but the silver-tip was also going some, and the race would have been her's in a very short time if Jim hadn't spied a limb on a small pine tree, which he succeeded in catching with a flying leap and drawing himself up by. The bear, just a moment too late, savagely clawed the air.

All this time Price was so excited, that I think he could not have hit one of the big pines had he tried. He was rushing from one place to another, trying to extricate a shell, which he afterward claimed stuck in the gun; but at the time I don't think he really realized that he had a belt of cartridges around him and that the gun was empty. Not one of the stock moved a hoof, but they were trembling with fright. Pete stood still also, but kept his eye on that grizzly and watched every movement she and the cub made. Finally the cub came straight toward us, closely followed by the old one. Seeing her coming in my direction, standing on her hind paws, with frothing jaws, red lolling tongue, fierce, red, small eyes, her great front paws beating the air, I didn't wait for any invitation, but just fell off that horse and made for the nearest tree, where in my pardonable zeal for urgent flight I skinned my face and hands, and barked my shins, but succeeded in going up—as it was necessary that I should.

From my vantage point I looked for stirring events below, and they came. Price stood on the edge of the creek, holding the gun in his hands, seemingly ready for anything. The old lady paused for a moment, but the sight of that big grizzly coming at him open-mouthed was a little too heavy for him. Dropping his gun, he turned and jumped into the deep and ice-cold waters of Iron Creek. It might yet have gone hard with him, but at this moment the cub concluded to find out just what Pete was by rubbing against his heels, and the dear old "ornery" mule right there and then won our undying love and gratitude. He hunched, then straightened, and the cub sailed, lit and rolled over and over howling with pain. With a snarl of rage the grizzly jumped for the mule. Pete knew that he was not dealing with a cub this time, and bided his time and watched that bear like a hawk. The pick seemed to bother the grizzly, as she kept circling around him at a lively pace, and seemed little inclined to close in, while Pete whirled like a spinning-wheel, with his heels always presented to the foe.

Finally both combatants paused a moment for breath, but still hearing the pitiful wailing of the cub, the bear gathered herself together and made a grand rush, and a powerful, raw-boned mule and a silver-tipped grizzly mixed things up generally. To a man up a tree, the whole air seemed full of bears, mules and packs. But the pace was too hot to last and much to our relief the bear beat a retreat before the unerring precision of those terrible heels, seized her cub in her teeth and, still growling, viciously disappeared up the canon.

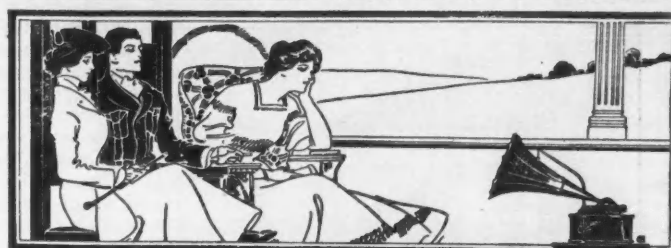
We quickly gathered around the grizzly mule. The pack undoubtedly had saved him, as the heavy canvas was literally torn to pieces, but his sides were pretty well ripped, though not so seriously but he was yet ready to kick Max. The burro knew him better than the bear did and got out of the way in a hurry.

"The ruling passion, strong in death," spoke Foster, coming from his perch away up the mountain, where he had quietly watched the whole proceedings.

Quickly as possible we repacked what remained of our now thoroughly dilapidated belongings, and leading the lace-rated mule, made our way to the cabin as fast as the darkness of the canon would permit. We soon had a glowing fire in the old fireplace and it looked good to see the coffee pot and kettle of frijoles in the old accustomed place over the fire.

"Let me tell you, boys, there is no place like home after all," said Price as he cut up some chili peppers and stirred them in with the beans.

"You are right there, sweetheart," replied Foster, slicing some bacon preparatory to frying. Jim and I were deep in the intricacies of yeast powder biscuit, and said nothing—Outing for November.



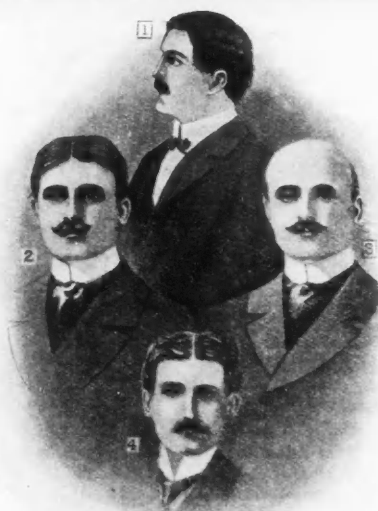
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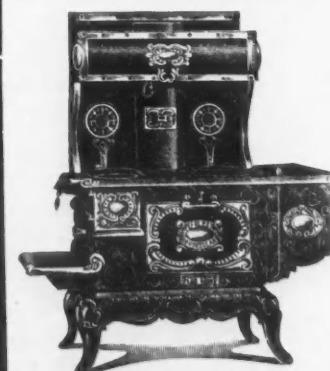


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Vol. 21. TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 23, 1907. No. 6

## !-POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE-!

### The Governor and the Miner.

MANY stories centre round W. W. B. McInnes, the politician whose name is almost as inseparably associated with the history of the hottest days of British Columbian politics, as that of Joseph Martin, K.C. Mr. McInnes, usually known as "Billy," has had an eventful career; once premier of the province, he deserted politics some three years ago to accept the governorship of the Yukon. The quiet of the gubernatorial chair, however, soon palled on the energetic Mr. McInnes, and on the opening of the last provincial campaign in British Columbia, he resigned his governorship to take the position of leader of the Liberal forces. Had his party been successful it is probable that he would have become premier—his enemies say that that is the reason why the Conservatives won the election.

It is related of Mr. McInnes—when a man has been a high official at Dawson he must expect to be talked of in camp-fire yarns—that shortly after he had entered into the possession of the Government House at Dawson, he was one day looking round some small claims in the neighborhood. No one appeared to be at home and Mr. McInnes, who is of an enquiring turn of mind, was making a thorough examination. He peered down the shaft, he tried the windlass, and looked into everything with the alert interest of a child investigating the internals of a \$50 watch.

Unfortunately, in peering down the shaft, he disturbed the earth on the edge and sent a few pebbles rolling down. Instantly there came a roar from below. Now the average miner is second to no man when it comes to a picturesque expressing of his feelings, and—well to put it shortly Governor McInnes was shocked.

Soon a head appeared above the edge of the shaft, and the source of the verbal pyrotechnics was evident.

Mr. McInnes felt himself called upon to explain and take refuge in the dignity of his office.

"My man," said he, "what would you say if I were to tell you that I was the Governor of Yukon?"

"I should say you were a liar!" came the retort, and without further parleying the speaker commenced to hoist himself over the edge of the shaft. Unutterable things were in his eye.

But Mr. McInnes did not wait. A governor is a busy man, and he suddenly recollected important business at his office. And so the miner was saved from becoming unwittingly guilty of high treason.

### Electoral Corruption, Old and New.

DISCUSSION goes on in these columns and in the columns of other newspapers from time to time as to whether in the matter of political corruption the past was worse than the present in the matter of political corruption. Old reformers still speak with bated breath of the iniquities of Sir John A. Macdonald, especially in the period immediately before and after Confederation. Ontario, if one could believe all that our fathers tell us, was a veritable sinkhole of political wrongdoing. Yet one has noticed that whenever a veteran is called upon to address a mixed assemblage on the subject of his political memories he never fails to utter lamentations about the absence of "large men," genuine statesmen from our present day politics. Perhaps the politicians of the sixties and the seventies were merely adopting the practices of the Motherland, for it is curious to note in an address by James Anthony Froude, delivered before the University of St. Andrews, on March 19, 1869, the following words, alluding to the Scottish people: "Even now you are teaching us what, unless we saw it before our eyes, no Englishman would believe to be possible, that a member of Parliament can be elected without bribery." The Sons of Scotland will thus have a right to maintain that what this country needs for its purification is more Scotsmen.

According to many anecdotes which the writer has heard there must have been a distinct decline in "plugging," or the impersonation of voters in this community. One still hears "heelers" of other days lament the times

when men had the "courage" to go in and win. The sharp pursuit of the law during the past ten years has caused a depression in this industry. It was an outgrowth of the expensive business of bribery. Politicians found out that it was cheaper to pay a man a dollar a piece to personate ten voters than to pay from two to five dollars a piece for those same votes cast by the bribes.

One old "worker" in Toronto tells of how in the days of open voting in Toronto he held a voter in parley in front of a poll at the corner of King and Yonge streets while a confederate went and got a "plugger," who almost exactly resembled him to go in and personate his vote.

In one of the west end polling subdivisions it used to be a put up job between both parties to always personate the vote of an old curmudgeon who was always looking for money. The joke started in this wise: A warm election was in progress. About ten o'clock the old gentleman came out to vote and seeing an outside scrutineer whom he knew approached him and asked if there was any money going.

"Sure!" said the scrutineer, "just wait awhile. They'll be around with the bag after awhile."

The old man waited and waited, until one o'clock, when hunger drove him home to dinner. The scrutineer promptly phoned for a "plugger" who hurried around and personated the voter. The old man came back and made enquiries about the man with the bag. He was told that the much desired individual was busy up in the north end of the riding and would come down in the afternoon. The honest voter waited until four o'clock when he became disgusted and announced his intention of voting for the other candidate. When he went into the booth and found he had been personated he rent the air with protests.

The affair struck the workers on both sides as so humorous that thereafter it was always arranged that he should be told he was personated just for the pleasure of hearing his laments.

The city never boasted a more eloquent denouncer of electoral corruption than he.

### One Thing that Strikes You Down East.

ONE of the characteristic remarks of the northeast coast of the United States and of New Brunswick is "I don't know!" Where people of the west will attempt, often with absurd results, to give information on subjects about which they are ignorant, the "Down Easter" promptly and often in a way quite disconcerting, replies, "I don't know!" The two following experiences illustrate both sides:

Some years ago the writer was wheeling from Collingwood to Orillia, a first trip over that ground and on passing a farmer shouted, "How far is it to Phelps?" As I was rapidly getting out of hearing, he drawled, "Waal, it's quite a stretch!"

A lady tourist this summer was visiting Orr's Island off the east coast. It is about three miles long and after quite a stiff walk, she met a lad and enquired: "How far is it to the end of the island?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you ma'am."

Surprised at a big boy not knowing that much she asked: "How long have you lived on the island?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am; I'm eight years old and I was born here."

### Were Not Used to Breakfast Foods.

THE "up-state" villages of the New England States have been long known as the home of the very best gold-brick material in America, in the shape of unsophisticated inhabitants. Not infrequently these find their way over the Canadian border and the town of Prescott, being the busiest transfer point between Montreal and the Niagara peninsula, sees many strange cousins from over the line.

A few days ago a young bridal couple from a northern New York county put up at the Mansion House in Prescott. At breakfast the following morning they were given a separate table and as the waitress placed them each a glass of water she murmured the usual greeting:

"Force or Orange Meat?"

The bride blushed and looked at the groom. The groom shifted in his seat and looked at the bride. The waitress getting no response repeated the query a little louder.

"Force or Orange Meat?"

Again the bride threw a pleading, helpless look at her husband, but one glance at those big, bony hands clutching both ends of a knife and the shifting embarrassment in his eyes told her she could expect no assistance from him. He hadn't an idea in the world just then, and it was quite evident that he was putting it up to her. For several seconds there was silence. The half dozen boarders and commercial men in the dining room listened with open ears and abated appetite. At last the bride spoke up:

"Yuh know I'm a stranger here!"

And the waitress fled for ham and eggs amid the audible smile of the others.

### Another Breakfast Table Story.

THE incident just related recalls a quite different experience told by a commercial traveller who, this summer, was making his first trip through the new north.

Half a dozen strangers in the early morning arrived at one of those new towns built hurriedly of hemlock boards, and proceeded at once to get breakfast at a huge wooden box glorifying in the name "King Edward Hotel."

The guests took seats in the dining room and presently a girl came in, looked them over, and walking to the foot of the table, leaned her hands upon it, and with a comprehensive glance around, asked the familiar question:

"How many of yez 'll have mush?"

### When the Bridegroom Came.

THERE was a little incident in the Department of Railways and Canals at Ottawa a few days ago which goes to prove that the girls in the civil service are much like girls in other walks of life. It so happened that just before Hon. G. P. Graham, the Minister of Railways, went away on his first official tour of the Intercolonial, his private secretary, Christopher Blackett Robinson, took it into his head to get married quietly, without telling anybody of his intentions save his own immediate family. When the news came next day he had gone, and the staff of the department with whom "Chris" is deservedly popular had no opportunity of extending their congratulations or of wishing him god-speed on the journey of matrimony.

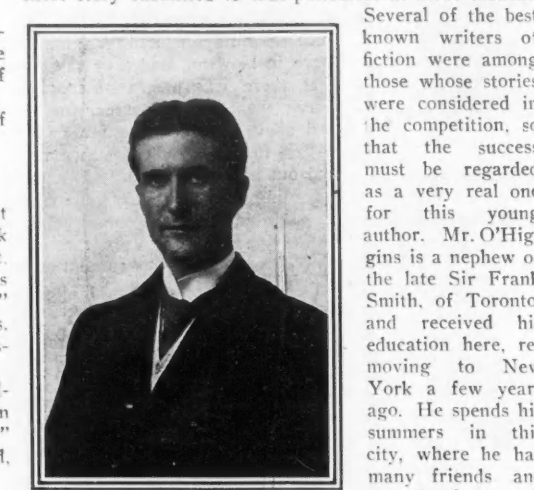
But their time of revenge was to come. When it was

announced from Moncton that the ministerial party (which included the newly married couple) were on their way back to Ottawa the girls in the Railway Department got busy, in an unofficial sense, and spent much time after office hours in preparing a welcome for the private secretary. They suspended a huge crimson wedding bell from the centre of the ceiling. They extended from the four corners of the room silk streamers of purest white. They decked his chair in wrappings of white festoons. On his blotting pad was placed a front cover of an old Ladies' Home Journal, picturing a bridal couple, and this was flanked by a pair of dilapidated felt slippers, with white silk rosettes.

On the day of his return the girls' lunch hour was a brief one. It so happened that the train was late and it was after 2 before "Chris" got up to his office. He walked in unsuspectingly, only to be bombarded with a shower of confetti from a dozen or so laughing girls who had hidden themselves behind desks and bookcases awaiting his arrival. The revenge was sweet, but the girls had their fun and the secretary took it in good part. He is, by the way, the son of Blackett Robinson, the editor of the Dominion Presbyterian, and a brother of Burnside Robinson, of The News. Next time a minister's private secretary wants to get married he will probably announce it ahead of time, and get the charivari over before the honeymoon instead of after it.

### A Successful Canadian Author.

ANOTHER success in literary work has been won by Harvey J. O'Higgins, of Toronto, who has been awarded the \$1,000 prize by Collier's Weekly, for the best short story submitted to that periodical in three months.



Harvey J. O'Higgins.

Several of the best known writers of fiction were among those whose stories were considered in the competition, so that the success must be regarded as a very real one for this young author. Mr. O'Higgins is a nephew of the late Sir Frank Smith, of Toronto, and received his education here, removing to New York a few years ago. He spends his summers in this city, where he has many friends and two brothers well known in newspaper circles and in the advertising agency business. Mr. O'Higgins has written one novel, "John o' Dreams," published by Scribner's, and endorsed by the best critics as a book not only of great interest but possessing a delicate literary charm. "The Smoke Eaters," a volume of short stories dealing with the dangerous work of firemen in large cities, was another of his books which was widely read.

Mr. O'Higgins clothes his work with genuine humor and sympathetic imagination. It may interest some of our readers to know that SATURDAY NIGHT first introduced Harvey O'Higgins to the reading public. He sent, in his student days, his first copy to this journal, and in fear and trembling awaited the verdict. And it was favorable, as most verdicts on his efforts have been since that time.

### Money Seems Easy in Toronto.

M. R. H. E. BYWATER, editor of the Arthur Enterprise, was in the city this week, a guest of the Iroquois Hotel. Before leaving for home he met a member of our staff and related a curious experience.

"I never had anything like it happen to me before," he said. "When I was leaving the hotel and went to settle, I found that somebody else had paid my bill. No explanation of it exists."

Mr. Bywater has returned to Arthur prepared to refute the statement that money is tight in Toronto. Money seems to be running around loose doing unexpected things.

### An Irishman was There.

TWENTY years or more ago a Conservative meeting was held in St. Andrew's Hall, at which Mr. A. R. Boswell, K. C., was presiding. It was proposed to hear a large number of speakers representing all classes of the community. In those days the colored vote, which has practically disappeared, was a factor in the politics of Toronto and in meetings of the kind it was represented by its orators as well as other sections of the community. Mr. Boswell commenced by saying he would introduce one of the most brilliant young speakers of the Conservative party, a man with a certain career whom he was sure it would delight them to listen to. He then called on Mr. George Tate Blackstock, not then a K. C., to address the gathering. Mr. Blackstock won great plaudits with a brilliant twenty minute speech.

"Now," said Mr. Boswell, "I will call on a gentleman to whom the Conservative party is indebted for active and unselfish service in many elections. Mr. — (indicating the chief orator of the colored population) needs no introduction to his audience."

The countryman of Booker T. Washington rose.

"Hurroo!" cried an Irishman at the back of the hall. "More Black-stock!"

### It was Conductor J. J. Martin.

IT is a pity to spoil a good story, but the truth must come out. The story that Prince Fushimi while in Canada presented the same order to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and to a colored porter on the C. P. R., turns out to be incorrect.

It was not to a colored porter, but to Conductor J. J. Martin, a man as white as any, and well-known on the C. P. R., to whom the second badge of honor was given. Conductor Martin had charge of Prince Fushimi's train across the continent, as he had of the royal train a few years ago when the Prince of Wales was here. He has received marks of approval from several notable visitors and values not least the Japanese order conferred on him by Prince Fushimi.

### A Lawsuit Over a Dog.

READERS of this department have already been regaled with one or two stories about Judge Macallum of Manitoulin, formerly "Archie" Macallum, barrister-at-law, and Liberal orator of Paisley, Ont. After Macallum first abandoned his position as Globe reporter and returned to his native heath as a practitioner of the law, he used occasionally to return to Toronto and relate his successes and defeats in the courts of "Bruce country."

On one occasion it appears he was called upon to defend a man who had been haled before a justice of the peace on the charge of keeping a vicious dog. Macallum called all sorts of witnesses who swore that the dog in question was the most amiable beast alive, who might perhaps on a hot day, and then only under great provocation, snap at a fly.

But the rural magistrate did not like the defendant and after the nature of his kind he announced his intention of imposing a fine of \$10 and costs. Macallum made a fiery speech of protest.

"I told him," he said, "that he respected not truth and knew not justice, yet the old rascal listened to it all and when I got through he said: 'Ten dollars and costs!'"

"But I had this consolation. When the case was over my client came to me and said: 'Archie, I would willingly give another \$10 to hear another sic address.'"

### Seeing Them at Their Best.

A WELL-KNOWN after-dinner speaker in Toronto loves to tell the following story by way of quizzing his fellow diners: "When I was invited to speak before you I felt timid, and hesitated to accept your kind invitation, but since eating your salt I have no fear whatever. I am reminded of what the late Capt. Prince, the first warden of the Central Prison, said when showing his wife how the prisoners ate their meals. Those of you who have been in Central Prison (cries of Oh, Oh! and laughter) will remember that at that time the convicts dined in one large room. When the timid lady shrank back at seeing so many men in similar garb eating publicly, the gallant captain reassuringly said: 'Don't be afraid of them, my dear; they're perfectly harmless when at their meals!'"

### Can Birds Understand?

REV. W. F. WILSON, of Trinity Methodist church, Toronto, a short time ago addressed his Sunday school, taking as his topic, "Lessons from the birds." Mr. Wilson is a pastmaster in the art of speaking to children, and the talk was much enjoyed by young and old who heard it. A few years ago the same address was given in Wesley church, Hamilton, by Mr. Wilson. As usual, canaries, robins, parrots and other birds were there in cages, and the speaker discoursed upon the contentment, gratitude, love, intelligence and perseverance of the feathered prisoners.

At a most impressive part of the sermon one parrot sagely remarked: "That's right!" and shortly after another put in the more personal inquiry of "What's the matter with your liver?"

### All in the Way he Wears his Hat.

TO the friends of Robert McCallum, city architect of Toronto, the position of his black slouch hat on his head is an unfailing indication of his feelings. It is a sort of barometer for the office staff, and one of the staff recently put the situation neatly into a nutshell in the following apt limerick:

The hat of our Chief always shows  
Exactly which way the wind blows:  
When it's tilted well back  
He's a good-natured Mac,  
But beware when it's over his nose.

### A Joky Telephone Lineman.

A TELEPHONE lineman was on the roof of Hamilton's building, in Montreal, investigating the condition of some subscribers' lines that crossed over that building and that had been reported out of order; or in telephone parlance, he was out "looking for trouble." He found

trouble all right but it wasn't exactly what he expected. There had been a light fall of snow, which made all places look alike, and almost before he knew it he had stepped on a glass skylight and went through it like a shot.

At each succeeding floor there was another glass skylight directly underneath and, with cheerful impartiality, he took them all and brought up short against the glass showcase on the ground floor where the clerks were measuring goods.

They had been expecting him for some little time, as they had heard him coming from afar accompanied, as he was, by a shower of glass, and they asked him if he always travelled that way. He wasn't very badly hurt as his fall broke each skylight, so each skylight broke his fall. He was somewhat cut-up about it, so to speak, but able to talk.

"No," he replied, "I don't always travel this way; this is a special trip by way of Glass-go, and I spared no panes to make it brief."

Then he took himself off, leaving the glass to be removed and the damages to be adjusted.

### But This Was No Joke.

A TYPICAL French-Canadian telephone lineman joining in the name of Telephone Allard was sent out to find an intermittent trouble on a trunk-line which and pock-marked countenance at headquarters with his tragic tale. But he was game. Next day he went back with the proper outfit and removed the honey which was causing the trouble.

was located between two points and was thought to be in a cable-box near a river under which the lines went. He reached the cable-box, climbed the pole and unlocked the door of the box, but on opening it, to use his own expression, "Tirty thousand fly come out," and he couldn't get down the pole fast enough, stung as he was by wild bees. They say he was a picture when he presented his swollen

### Fiddling in the Schools.

THE proposal to start fiddling classes in the public schools is one which may be very well laughed aside. The scheme is the outcome of an experiment undertaken by an English schoolmaster, of Maidstone, Kent, who had a fondness for music and who was carried away with the idea of recruiting an orchestra from among his pupils. In Toronto the average parent feels that if he wants his children to learn the violin or some other instrument the matter is one which he can very well attend to himself. If fiddles were introduced into the public schools, every child who had no fiddle would make some household miserable until he had an instrument of his own, "because everybody else had one." The troubles that would arise, if the scheme were put into operation, can be very easily imagined, but the benefits of such a fad are not readily discernible.



## The Battle of Cut-Knife Creek

Some Incidents of it—A White Man and an Indian Who Fought There. Revisit the Battlefield and Compare Notes.

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY, who went through the Riel rebellion of 1885, as war correspondent of The Montreal Witness, and this year travelled over the Canadian West as special correspondent of The London Times, has brought out a book, "New Canada and the New Canadians," (Mussion, Toronto) in which he writes interestingly of the West, contrasting the country as he found it in the year of the rebellion with its present development. The book will, no doubt, be widely read both here and in Great Britain. Mr. Kennedy was present at the engagement of Cut Knife Creek and this year he revisited the scene of that little and rather unsatisfactory battle, and compared notes with no less a person than Piacutch, an Indian, who was an active enemy in that fracas. In 1885 Kennedy was with the force which set out from Swift Current for the relief of Battleford, then beleaguered by Poundmaker's braves. The Indians moved off without exchanging blows, and 300 men were sent after them to teach Poundmaker a lesson. The thing did not come off just right. The police and militia came up with Poundmaker's warriors at Cut Knife Creek, in the early morning, and after a six hours' engagement pulled out and returned to Battleford—in a day and a quarter marching in all eighty miles and spending six hours in fighting.

It will be remembered that in this expedition, as in the case of Gen. Middleton at Batoche, the officers were unnecessarily nervous about letting untried volunteers take the aggressive. At Batoche the men took matters into their own hands at last and carried all before them.

Describing the affair at Cut Knife Creek the author says that the volunteers, whatever they felt, seemed in action to be as cool as veterans; cool of nerve, that is, for the sun beat down upon them with all its western might. And there were brave deeds done among them that day; deeds of positive as well as negative courage. Let me only instance one. Three of the Battleford Home Guard who had been trying to clear out the enemy from the creek bed in our rear were cut off by a bunch of Indians, and their only way of escape was by reaching and climbing a perpendicular earthen cut-bank. Two of the Queen's Own, theological students from Toronto, named Atcheson and Lloyd, who had themselves got separated from their company, caught sight of the Battleford men from the top of the bank and recognized their desperate strait.

Atcheson stretched himself over the edge and hauled up the refugees by main force as soon as they reached the foot of the cut-bank, while Lloyd took aim in turn at every Indian that rose to fire at the rescuer—took aim, but dared not let fly, for he had only one cartridge left. So hot was the Indian fire that every one of the three Battleford men was shot dead as soon as he reached the top of the bank. One of them got a second bullet in him while Atcheson was carrying him back, and they rolled over together.

Atcheson was picking the man up again when a half-breed scrambled up out of the gully and levelled his musket at the rescuer's back. Lloyd fired his last cartridge and knocked over the half-breed, whose body carried down with it half a dozen Indians who were scrambling up behind him. A moment after, a bullet pierced Lloyd's side, took off a piece of vertebra, and stretched him paralyzed on the turf. Atcheson, all his ammunition gone, sprang to Lloyd's defence, and stood over him with clubbed rifle; but neither of them would have lived another minute if a handful of their comrades had not come up in the nick of time and driven off their assailants.

It is that same Lloyd, now Archdeacon of Saskatchewan, who is so well known and gratefully remembered in England for his indefatigable efforts to supply the spiritual needs of the new settlers, and whose name is immortalized by the town of Lloydminster.

Grave as the situation was it had its moments of humor. A bullet ripped open Major Short's cap, while he was directing the artillery—a brave officer he was, and lost his life afterwards fighting fire in Quebec. "It was a new cap, too," was his only remark as he mournfully held up the remains.

Another bullet scraped the skin off Sergeant McKell's temple. "Another good Irishman gone!" he cried, as he fell—to pick himself up next minute on discovering that he was not killed.

"What on earth are you wearing that red toque for?" asked a rifleman as he met one of the Battleford men at the end of the fight. "I heard there was a half-breed with a red toque on, and I've been firing at you all the morning."

The guns were the grimmest joke of all: The Gatling spayed the prairie with a vast quantity of lead, with a noise that gave the Indians a bit of a scare at first; but they soon got used to that. A Gatling may be all very well when your enemy stands in front of you in a crowd; but that is not the Indians' way. They had a wholesome respect for the seven-pounders—which was more than the gunners had, for the wooden trails were rotten and gave way under the recoil, so that one of the guns fell to the ground after each shot and the other had to be tied to its carriage with a rope.

JUST now, however, (writes Mr. Kennedy in his book telling of revisiting the scene this year) our interest perforce was less in the wheat fields of to-day than in the battlefield of twenty years ago—and there it was, sloping up to the west from the other side of Cut Knife Creek. The creek itself was now invisible from the plain, its valley having almost been filled up since the year of the rising by a thick growth of poplar and willow—one of many indications that the forest, where not artificially checked, tends to spread over the prairie from north to south. On the turfy wind-swept slope where we had been caught by the rebels, we now met Colonel McDonnell, of the Mounted Police, who had ridden over on the previous afternoon (a forty mile canter is nothing out there) to hunt up some old Indian who had been in the fight. With him was Mr. Warden, the Indian agent, and his son, who talked Cree like a native, and, last but not least, a swarthy, good-humored tribesman with long black hair and a blanket suit. This was Piacutch, one of Poundmaker's men who had done his best or his worst to defeat us, and who now quietly chuckled whenever he recalled their victory over "the police." But, I explained, there were only a handful of police in the outfit; most of us were not even regular soldiers, but just clerks and workmen and such like who had never fought before. Piacutch did not contradict me, though it is one of the cherished traditions of

the tribe that they "beat the police." He just smiled and said: "No matter, if you had all been police we would have beaten you all the same." Plainly, however, his feeling in the matter was purely academical; he bore no sort of a grudge against either white men in general or the police in particular; and we went over the field together, comparing notes and correcting each other's recollections, in the friendliest fashion.

There, in the middle of the slope, I mentioned that some of the horses had bunched together, and one of them was killed. "Yes," said Piacutch, "its bones were there a long time; and down there—pointing into one of the flanking coulees—we found a dead policeman." He was not a policeman at all, by the way, but that was a detail. At the top of the slope we identified the spot where the guns were planted—the poor little seven-pounders, whose carriages collapsed early in the fray, and the Gatling, bravely handled by Captain Howard (who afterwards fought for us in South Africa), but as good as useless when the Indians had taken cover. The Indians did not all take cover, Piacutch was careful to explain. Walking westward a piece along the almost level plateau which had separated the guns from the Indian camp, he suddenly stopped and said: "There was an Indian here, sitting up, not lying down, and firing at the police all the time; and the police couldn't hit him." But close by he paused at a little hollow in the ground and said: "There was a Stoney hit here, and buried here." Unhappily the Stoney was not allowed to rest in peace. By whom the thing was done I know not, nor why, but the body had been removed; only Piacutch poking in the ground with his foot, unearthed a broken piece of skull. The Cree, I should observe, have no affection for the Stoney Indians, dead or alive, though they were glad enough of their help in time of battle.

"And where were you?" I asked.

Piacutch led me down the hillside into the coulee on the south of our position, turned round, and began stealing slowly up the slope, stooping low and pointing an imaginary gun at about the point from which I well remembered watching the progress of events.

"Poundmaker was down here," he says, "with the biggest band, and it was here that old Napatekiskis (Man-with-one-eye) was killed. He was Coming-day's father, and he was an old man. All the Indians were going to show their heads, and he said, 'Don't show till I see.' He put his head up and a bullet went into his chest."

My new friend and old enemy insisted that he and his comrades did not take shelter in the bushes lining the trough of the little valley; their only cover was the curve of the hill; nor had they, as we believed, prepared for our reception by digging rifle-pits in the coulees, half-breed fashion. After the fight, he admitted, the women dug holes there, in case of another attack.

Pointing to the hill crest on the far side of the coulee, I said I remembered having seen Indians firing at us from that exposed position.

"Yes," said Piacutch, after thinking a little, "that's true; they were trying to hit the police who were going for our camp. When a man came from the tents telling Poundmaker that the camp was in danger, Poundmaker brought most of us up the coulee to save it." That, in fact, was the critical moment of the whole affair, as the Indians evidently recognized. And Piacutch, for all his certainty that we were bound to be defeated, confirmed what was the strong belief of the force at the time, that if we had pressed on, instead of halting cooped up on the hill, not only should we have got out of a most unpleasant position ourselves, but we could have captured the enemy's camp and compelled the Indians, if they wanted to defend it, to come up into the open.

"If the police had stayed on their horses," Piacutch confessed, "they could have got through to the camp, for the Indians could only have fired one shot as they passed." But the chance was thrown away, and there was nothing for us left but to retreat as soon as the enemy could be turned out of the valley in our rear.

When asked how the Indians knew we were coming that morning, Piacutch said: "There was an old Indian named Jacob-with-long-hair who always got up before everybody else. He went out over the hill, and his horse put up its ears, and then he listened and heard waggons coming; so he galloped back and told us, and we strung out as quick as we could, one by one."

"And when we went away," I asked. "Were you one of the lot that followed us?"

Well, all he was willing to admit was that when we were going down the hill they went down after us to gather up the biscuits and cartridges "and rifles." In one spot, it appeared, they found quite a pile of biscuits—I only wish I had known where to get one or two that day—and cartridges were as thick on the ground as wild strawberries. As for empty cartridge cases and Canada militia buttons, there are plenty of them on the hill to this day.

"So you really did not mean to pursue us?" "The young men wanted to," answered Piacutch, "to catch you as you went home through the woods, but Poundmaker held them back out of pity for you."

In describing this incident another old Indian asserts that Poundmaker brandished his whip and threatened to flog any Indian who dared to go after the white men.

So the enemies of twenty years ago sat down and took pot-luck together on the battlefield—pot-luck being a couple of prairie chickens brought down from the tree top beside the trail—and while the red man went back to his farm, the white man set out on a long ride of two hundred and fifty miles southward across the great central plain of Southern Saskatchewan.

### Roosevelt at Twenty-Five.

AN interesting human document, in which Mr. Roosevelt, then (1884) in the New York State Assembly, told of his ancestry and his political interests, and described his favorite recreations, is given in facsimile in the November issue of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. He would then be about twenty-five years old, and wrote as follows of himself:

"I do not know where you would find a sketch of my life. I will give you an outline myself. Do you wish me to send you a photograph of myself? Some are much worse than others. I will send you one if you wish."

"I was born in New York, October 27, 1858; my father of old Dutch knickerbocker stock; my mother was a Georgian, descended from the revolutionary Governor Bulloch. I graduated at Harvard in 1880; in college did fairly in my studies, taking honors in Natural History and Political Economy; and was very fond of sparring, being champion lightweight at one time."

"Have published sundry papers on ornithology, either on my trips to the north woods, or around my summer home on the wooded, broken shore of northern Long Island. I published also a 'History of the Naval War of 1812,' with an account of the Battle of New Orleans,"

which is now a text-book in several colleges, and has gone through three editions.

"I married Miss Alice Lee, of Boston, on leaving college in 1880. My father died in 1878; my wife and mother died in February, 1884. I have a little daughter living."

"I am very fond of both horse and rifle, and spend my summer either on the great plains after buffalo and antelope, or in the northern woods after deer and caribou. Am connected with various charitable organizations, such as the Children's Aid Society, Orthopaedic Hospital, National Prison Association, and others, in which my father took a leading part."

"I was elected to the Assembly from the thirty-first district of New York in the autumn of 1881; in 1882 I served on the Committee of Cities. My chief work was endeavoring to get Judge Westbrook impeached on the ground of malfeasance in office and collusion with Mr. Jay Gould, in connection with railroad litigation."

"This winter my main work has been pushing the Municipal Reform Bill for New York City, in connection with which I have conducted a series of investigations into its various departments. Most of my bills have been passed and signed."

"Am fairly well off; my recreations are reading, riding, and shooting."

"Very respectfully,  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

### Novembah.

De wind 's a' tunning to de norf, de crows is flyin' home,  
De sun 's a' slidin' down to bed, lak he was glad to go!  
De air is full o' sumfin dat chills me to de bone,  
Say chillun! Shet de back-d'oh tight! it

Feels lak snow!

Der's banks o' cloud about de sky, es dahk es night.

Wif jes a'idge er silvah on, so dim an' low,  
An' all de trees is shiv'rin' lak dey had er fright,  
Fer wintah's sure a-gittin' heah, an' it

Feels lak snow!

Den pile de backlog on de coals an' draw de winder-blind,  
I'll chase dat ole rheumatics in de firelight's glow.

Set closah little chillun, as close 's ye has er min',  
Fer yer mammy knows yer chilly, an' it

Feels lak snow!  
LADY GAY.

### Proclaiming the Canadian Mint.

IT will interest Canadians to know that the opening of our new mint was proclaimed in due and ancient form in the imperial capital. From the English newspapers we learn that at the proper moment Lieut.-Colonel Kearns, the Common Crier of the city of London, proceeded from the Mansion House to the steps of the Royal Exchange, where he read the King's proclamation for the establishment of a branch mint at Ottawa. The presence of the Common Crier in his wig and gown attended by the headles of the Royal Exchange in their gold-laced uniforms, resulted in the little party being surrounded in a few minutes by a huge crowd, who listened to Lieut.-Colonel Kearns' sonorous reading of the proclamation with great interest, heartily joining in shouts of "God Save the King" at the conclusion.

### The Telephone City.

OF a certainty Brantford, Ont., deserves its title of the Telephone City. The modern telephone was invented there some thirty years ago by Alexander Graham Bell, in whose honor the Brantford Board of Trade will, in the near future, erect a monument. And now we are promised automatic telephony, as a result of the invention of the Lorimer brothers of the same city. This system has been successfully operated in Peterborough for some time. It does away with the telephone girl, connection being made automatically by a single operation on the part of the person using the phone. A buzzer indicates when a line is in use, and the vexations of unnecessary delays and crossed lines are prevented. The automatic telephone is a real necessity; it is strange, indeed, that we have not had it sooner. And nowhere will this innovation, which will make the telephone a dependable medium of communication, be welcomed with more delight than in Toronto.

### It was not What They Thought.

A NORTH bound Avenue road car was making its way through the residential district on one of the recent rainy evenings, laden with passengers sunk in that sullen apathy born of cold cars and a November rain.

Presently the car stopped for some passengers to alight, and a clear feminine voice was heard to say: "Now dear, there is no use standing in the rain, so good night," a very audible kiss supplying the period for this sentence.

A sudden alertness animated the passengers. Regardless of the downpour, the occupants of the back platform swung forward as one man and peered along the side of the car. Instead of a revival of "Caught in the rain," however, all they saw was an elderly lady scurrying into a nearby house, and a demure maiden who, realizing the situation, as the car swung past into the darkness said sweetly the one word:

"Stung!"



### Ready to Start—Ladies' 10-Mile Walking Race

The picture shows part of the line-up for the ladies' walking race, promoted by the Toronto Star, which took place from High Park to Lambton and return last Saturday, and in which there were over one hundred entries. Thousands of people went out to witness the novel contest. The girl holding out her arm, is Miss Rosamond Dunn, the winner. She made the distance in 1 hour, 31 minutes and 35 seconds.

## A Who's Who Out West

FOUR months before the last Dominion elections Mr. M. S. McCarthy located in Calgary and began the practice of law. He was a nephew of the late D'Alton McCarthy, a graduate of Trinity, had been very popular in football and cricket, and loved a good horse especially with a saddle on its back. Calgary took to him at once.



M. S. McCarthy, M.P., Calgary.

Within a month some of the leading Conservatives were thinking of the young lawyer as the right man to receive the nomination for the Commons. They saw in him the man possessing all the qualifications, and when the time came he was nominated, and throwing himself into the contest with vigor he was elected. Wherever he went he proved popular and made friends. He speaks slowly, wisely and with humor. He can tell a story with an effect few can

equal, and his stories stick—they have point and remain pinned to the target.

There has been a rumor to the effect that Mr. McCarthy, M.P., will retire at the next election, as he, being a young man, has his place to make in the practice of law and cannot afford to spend six or seven months of the year at the distant capital. Some say that a seasonal indemnity of \$2,500 a year is too much for members of Parliament to draw, but it is quite certain that men like Mr. McCarthy cannot remain in Parliament except at a considerable surrender of personal interest. However, it is stated in the Calgary Herald this week that the rumor of his retirement to devote himself wholly to his profession or to enter the Alberta Legislature as leader of the Opposition is unfounded, and that he will remain in Dominion politics.

M. S. McCarthy, M.P., is the right type of man for public life. He appears to possess ability and character in a high degree, together with all the qualities that make a man popular with the public and influential in Parliament or caucus. The Conservative party at Ottawa is not rich in men giving promise for to-morrow, and at this moment the young Calgary lawyer looks to me very much like one of the men the Conservative party in Canada has been waiting for since 1896.

### A Conscientious Financier.

NOW that Mr. Charles E. Perkins, formerly president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, has passed away, Charles G. Dawes, who was Comptroller of the Currency, at Washington in 1899, has made public the fact that it was Mr. Perkins to whom the following reference was made in an article published in the Saturday Evening Post in the issue dated September 20, 1903. "One of the most pleasing experiences in connection with my administration of the office of the Comptroller of the Currency that I now recall, is an episode which is well calculated to increase confidence in the integrity of human nature."

"A capitalist whose name is widely known in railway circles met me in Chicago to discuss the affairs of a certain national bank. He said: 'You have just been appointed Comptroller of the Currency and the course of action which you propose to pursue in relation to this bank will largely determine my own action. I was elected a director, without my own knowledge, in the bank, which, though not closed, is insolvent, and have continued in that official position under protest. My holdings of stock amount to \$10,000, and double that amount, of course, is the limit of my liability under the law. But the fact remains that I did allow my name to be used as that of a director of the bank and this may have influenced some persons to become depositors. Because of that possibility I have determined to step in and save the depositors and other creditors from loss, provided the other shareholders, without expense to them, will consent to arrangements necessary to an equitable execution of this plan. And now, with this explanation of the situation, I desire to learn what is your official view of the matter?'"

"Though I knew this man to be of large fortune, he was not classed among the multi-millionaires, and the plan which he proposed involved the immediate use of a very large amount of ready money—not far from \$500,000. Before he was through with the project, as I recall it, he voluntarily took upon himself the losses of others to the extent of nearly \$1,000,000, and all because his fine sense of personal honor would not let him see depositors suffer loss by the failure of an institution with which, even without his knowledge, at first, his name had been associated. The gentleman who did this has not been expected, asked or received public credit for his action, and some years have now passed since these occurrences. He is a modest man and no doubt has found his full reward in the consciousness of duty well done. But I do hope he may read this and know that in the annals of the Comptroller's office, there has been no more conspicuous instance of fidelity to a semi-public trust, and that among the few of us who knew he had voluntarily taken upon himself the losses of hundreds of people of slender means, he stands and shall always stand as one of nature's true noblemen."

MME. STRAKOSCH sometimes entertains a youthful friend. Recently at a meeting over the table, plum gelatine with whipped cream was served as a sweet. Usually Ethel evidenced a decided penchant for desserts, but this day she shuddered as the gelatine was placed before her. When Mme. Strakosch turned her attention to the jelly she noticed that it shook from side to side of the plate. "Ethel," she said to her guest, "why don't you eat your dessert?"

"I can't," said the youngster, gazing wistfully at the shaking dishful.

"And why can't you?"

"Because," said the little lady pushing away the plate, "because it's too nervous."





## IN THE FAR NORTHWEST

Men Who Are Making Long Journeys  
and Blazing New Paths Through Little  
Known Regions of Canada

AS an entertainer the Eskimo is far ahead of his friend the Indian—at least as far as the northern Indian is concerned. The Eskimo has a number of games which he plays and various other forms of amusement, the most interesting which is probably his dance. Each year when the Hudson Bay Company's supply steamer, "Wrigley," makes its northerly trip to Fort Macpherson, far within the Arctic circle on the Mackenzie river, the Eskimos plan to be at the fort to barter with the crew, and while they are there they are usually induced to favor those present with one of their characteristic dances. A good feast must first be provided and then the dancers are called on board the boat, and give their dance on the deck. The accompanying photograph was taken by one of the company's captains on a recent visit. The dance of the Eskimo is a representation of the attitudes and movements of the animals which he hunts in his frozen home. The big fellow in the foreground is



Eskimos dancing on the deck of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, Wrigley, at Fort Macpherson.

going through the moves and attitudes of the walrus and the polar bear and the other animals he has captured.

While he dances the rest of his companions look on and keep time with a low groaning sound and when he has finished the others follow. These Eskimos are very large for their race, some of those at the fort being as tall as six feet.

THE Queen Charlotte Islands promise to be the scene of unusual activity in mining operations during the coming year. A syndicate comprising Vancouver and Victoria people is about to undertake the development of a group of seven copper-gold claims on Moresby Island, about sixteen miles from Skidegate.

There is a tinge of romance connected with the properties which are about to re-echo with the clang of the hammer and noisy outburst of explosives, after a silence of fifty years or possibly a century. One of the claims has an incline shaft known to have a depth of at least 150 feet. The consensus of opinion is that the operations were conducted by Russians, perhaps a hundred years ago.

During the past summer miners in the employ of the syndicate found a bulkhead fourteen feet below the collar of the shaft. The timbers were in a fair state of preservation. At the 70 foot level it was found that drifts had been run east and west 25 and 50 feet, respectively. Eighty feet farther down a station was also found and from it after a little jog the incline shaft still pointed downward. A line was sunk 50 feet without reaching bottom. The depth of the working will be revealed when the steam pump is installed. The surface outcrop shows the vein to have a width varying from 40 to 100 feet with numerous stringers, some of them six feet in width, running out from the main ore body.

AN old-time prospector writing from Parry Sound, sends SATURDAY NIGHT the following interesting reminiscence:

"An article in SATURDAY NIGHT of November 9 referring to Rev. T. J. Marsh recalls a very pleasant visit the writer paid him in the spring of 1898 when on his way to the Peel river, on that memorable rush of prospectors from Edmonton on a search for gold.

"I was one of a party of twelve who left Edmonton on December 16, 1897, arriving at Peace River Crossing on March 7, 1898. We were two months and nineteen days in covering about three hundred miles, so one may imagine the sort of country we had to go through. We started with forty-four cayuses, or Indian ponies, and fifty dogs, and arrived at the

head of Little Slave Lake with thirteen ponies and five dogs. Most of our outfit of supplies, etc., we left on the trail at various points, and the Hudson Bay agent at Little Slave Lake kindly sent his freighters to gather them up and bring them on to us there.

"From Little Slave Lake we proceeded to Peace River Crossing, building two boats 35 feet long and 8 foot beam. We left there April 29, just after the ice went out, sailing down the Peace river to Great Slave Lake. One night we were sailing along near the shore on our way to find an entrance to the Mackenzie river when a storm struck us. Our sails came down and we had to take to our oars and make for the shore. By great good luck we made the entrance to Hay river, and tied up in shelter from the storm. To our great surprise and delight next morning, just as we had breakfast ready, a young man came along and told us he had been sent by Mr. Marsh to ask us up to his house, a short distance up the river, where we soon proceeded in a body, and received a very hearty welcome from Mr. Marsh, his wife and her sister. We were there for over a week, waiting for the other boat and the rest of our party. Mr. Marsh was adding an addition to his school room and our

party were pleased to be of some service to him in that work. They were then educating a number of Indian and half-breed children, who boarded with them, and we could see they were doing good work but under some hardship and with many privations. The Hudson Bay Company's boat passes there once each year taking supplies to their various posts as far as Fort Macpherson on the Peel river. Unfortunately, however, the supplies for the Mission had not come forward in time for the steamer the year before our arrival, and there was hardly anything for Mr. Marsh and his large family to eat but fish, of which they had plenty, and Mrs. Marsh told us that she knew from necessity and experience of seventeen ways to cook them so that they would be palatable.

"While there we had a fine time, with musical and other entertainments every night. We had with us a Frenchman, an expert cook, and we invited them to a banquet on our boat, which was a success, but I think we all enjoyed Mrs. Marsh's seventeen different fish dishes more than they enjoyed our lunch. We were the only white men who had ever visited the Mission, except the captain and engineer of the Hudson Bay steamer."

Countess de St. Pierre, of Paris, a writer of some repute, and a member of one of the old Royalist families of France, arrived in Vancouver last week, having completed a remarkable trip through the vast regions north of Edmonton. She started from that city on July 26 and travelled overland to Athabasca Landing, sailing from there to Peace River Crossing. The return trip was made by way of Lesser Slave Lake and other waterways. The countess was very anxious to hunt, but her Indian guides would not permit her to shoot any game, as there is a legend among them to the effect that a famous chief or medicine man years ago warned the Indians never to permit a woman to shoot a moose or a bear. He predicted that if the warning were disregarded game would become scarce and that every squaw would become powerful physically and would become husband-beaters.

"The scenery throughout was indescribably grand and various phenomena also thrilled my imagination," says this intrepid traveller. "In the lower Peace and Athabasca the swallows build their nests in the high clay banks. They are there literally in myriads, and when in flight actually darken the sun. I was fortunate enough to secure photos of their nesting places. Of course I had no little amusement with my travelling

companions. From Iron Arm, the Wood Cree chief, who acted as chief guide, I learned a lesson concerning their attitude toward women. On a very warm day when we were all encamped I invited him to lunch with me in my tent. Much to my surprise he refused, explaining that it was beneath the dignity of an Indian to eat in company of women. Well, I then left him to swelter in the burning rays of the August sun. En route to Peace River Crossing the river presents a beautiful and imposing spectacle. It is dotted with islands covered with spruce. I counted 114 of them between the Vermilion and the Crossing. At the last mentioned place I found myself in a veritable earthly paradise, where, despite the high latitude, the climate is tempered by the Chinook winds. The white settlers are very prosperous. In September the weather was warm, and I saw ripening fields of wheat which were untouched by frost. I also saw pumpkins weighing over forty pounds as well as delicious ripe tomatoes and sweet corn.

"I was greatly impressed with the great future of the vast region I traversed. Some day it will teem with a contented and happy white population. The country also abounds in mineral wealth. Natural gas aflame for years is issuing from a hole in the ground near Pelican rapids on the middle Athabasca. It was discovered when oil-boring operations were in progress. At night it lights up the country for miles and enables me to read a newspaper in an Indian village half a mile distant.

"On the Lower Athabasca I met Count Von Hammerstein, who is drilling for coal oil. He told me that he had already encountered some oil and feels confident of tapping a gusher. The surface indications are excellent. Here and there I noticed an oily scum floating on the river. When ignited it will burn. For miles the banks of the river consist of asphalt or mineral tar. These are good indications of oil, and merit serious investigation. Fort Vermilion was the most northerly point reached. At Peace River Crossing the cattle are left on the ranges all winter. In the same locality at Spirit River a flourishing colony of English settlers established a few years ago, are raising excellent crops. They also own large bands of cattle."

THE government of British Columbia is taking some additional steps towards perpetuating the memory of Simon Fraser, discoverer of the great river that bears his name. It will be remembered that the annuity of \$6000 voted recently to Miss Harriet Fraser, of Toronto, his sole surviving daughter, came too late to serve any purpose, for that lady was then on her death bed. Now the British Columbia government is gathering Fraser relics and information regarding this bold explorer, whose expeditions in New Caledonia, as British Columbia was then called, are now receiving belated recognition as notable achievements. At the request of the librarian of the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia, Misses Catherine and Agnes Fraser, of Hamilton, sole surviving granddaughters of the great pioneer, have sent to Victoria a number of valuable relics, some of them being over three hundred years old. The list included:

A walking cane, containing a dagger used by the great explorer.

Letters written by Simon Fraser to his men during his stay out west; also a list of articles secured from the Indians, with their prices.

Half a dozen buttons and the braid of the coat worn by him when he was paymaster of the militia, between Coteau Landing and Prescott, after returning from the west.

A small painting of Simon Fraser. A letter written by his father while a prisoner of war in Albany jail in 1777.

A book of the Fraser clan with the signatures of Simon Fraser on the back.

The presidential address before the Royal Society of Canada, with an article on Simon Fraser, written by Sir Sandford Fleming.

A clipping from the Cornwall Freeholder, 1863, with the account of his death.

A teaspoon, dessert spoon, table spoon of solid silver used at his own table, a daguerreotype of his nephew and other small relics.

A short sketch of the life of Simon Fraser, who died at St. Andrew's, in the township of Cornwall, in the year 1862, at the advanced age of 86 years.

Accompanying the relics forwarded this week was a brief sketch of Simon Fraser's life, of especial interest because it was prepared by his granddaughters.

Work on a book of the explorer's life will be begun shortly.

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HOW one rejoices over the babe that begins to take notice! When it crows at a bright color or a bright light, or extends gracious arms and works up a smile for you or me, we feel elated and cheered and much interested. The age of taking notice is very pretty and promising, no doubt, but further on in life comes the age of not taking notice, which is a purely individual affair in which no one outside may take an interest. When you and I learn how and when not to take notice, we have become ever so much cuter than the baby whom it first "goos" for a tinkling rattle or a bright toy. Not to take notice of rudeness or crudeness or impertinence is such a difficult thing, when some crushing rebuke is lying pat on the tongue's tip. Not to take notice of bad temper and growling is also a hard task, when one aches to prod the surly or unreasonable mortal at fault. Not to take notice of a break in speech, or a gaucherie in expression is hugely difficult to an alert person, and not to take notice of discord, jars, exasperating remarks is the act meriting a crown of laurel. Here's a clap of the hand and a hearty well done for those who have learned how not to take notice. A very wise little house mother I know has a husband subject to grouch. Whether business be good or bad, weather fair or foul, seems to have nothing to do with his temper. He stamps into the house on a fine day with a frown and a pout, and the neighbors say, "What a time Mrs. Smiler must have!" But she doesn't. She just takes no sort of notice of him at all, going briskly about her little tasks, though she may be bursting with news of the baby's first tooth, or Johnny's school prize or any of the small wonders mothers keep for daddy's home coming. I really believe that Mrs. Smiler could and did keep even more amazing items of news for a whole day until Pa Smiler came out of his grouch, sooner than lose the joy of his entire sympathy. And her impervious taking no notice of sulks, frowns, swears and sharp words reduces the grouch in very short order. It probably dies from want of notice and recognition, and Mrs. Smiler sees its demise with a demure amusement and basks in the succeeding sunshine.

A man recently sent in some questions for discussion in this paper, suggested by the enquiry as to what constitutes a perfect lady. May a perfect lady smoke, play cards for money, drink Scotch, go to balls unattended? and a lot of such foolish details. Many a beautiful and cultured woman, generous, clean, upright and refined has, does, and will smoke—as travelers and mondains know, in lands where no prejudice exists against her doing so. Some of the finest of the old regime, grandmothers and queens among women, play whist for penny, sixpenny and shilling points, but probably the man who asked the question meant bridge and poker, as played for high stakes. Every woman has not been trained against such play, many find it great fun, and enjoy the interest of play, without developing gambling instincts. It's a risky practice, but not invariably fatal to the female character and tone. As for the Scotch whisky, so long as the lady drink only enough, I can imagine her unharmed and believe there are women who never take more than is good for them. The going out unattended is not perhaps on the man's list, but came in another way, as a matter of concern from a certain woman of middle age who lives entirely alone. She is my idea of a lady, perfect so far as mortal may be, and she enjoys going out, but dislikes taking other women or girls with her. Some one bustled themselves sufficiently to tell her she should not go and come alone, and hence her inquiry. It seems so foolish of her to hesitate, or pay the least attention to the fussy meddler aforesaid. Go, my dear, to balls, parties, anything you like, alone; you have the dignity to repel intrusion and the grace to secure attention.

To theatre and concert it seems rather dreary to go alone, for you can always double your pleasure by taking some one with you, to whom it will be a real treat. Avoid the talkative or restless person, select the woman or man who really loves the stage or the concert. I find them out by watching the audience; at a concert, the absorbed man, with

woman who views the rest of the people through her lorgnette during the most exquisite singing or playing; at the play, the girl who giggles under her partner's frown and the woman who weeps freely despite a scoffing mate. The frowner is absorbed in the play, the weeper is enjoying a delightful sympathetic misery; they are the ones to invite to the theatre if you want to do a kind act. Here is a woman who understands and loves the best music; she comes with a man who suffers cramps in the long legs of him, from the narrowness of the seatroom, and who stifles great gapes of longing for a "good coon-song, or a bit from the opera comique" as he softly confides to a fellow victim. If the "lady alone" would invite that woman and release that man, both would sing a duet in her praise. And think of the atmosphere one could create for the artists, who are ever susceptible and responsive to harmony and sympathy.

Here's a story a debutante told me: Enter jealous Sambo. "Dinah! Tel dat niggah sittin' beside yoh to take his arm from aroun' yoh waist at once!" Dinah, with dignity: "Tell him yo-self, sah! He's a puffed strangah to me!"

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Clover Hill.—Good natural ability which has been developed by culture is shown in this study. The mind is buoyant and tenacious, with imagination and dominant force. The writer is clear and logical in thought and persistent in effort. One might safely leave important matters in his or her hands, but the faculty for working silently and secretively is lacking. He or she makes up the mind quickly and conclusively, cares very little for the opinion or praise of others, but enjoys success and will work conscientiously for it. It is an original and interesting hand.

Mary M.—It is a mecurial and rather able specimen, youth and inexperience marring its full significance. Hope and despondency have their turns, and a general easy going confidence in the goodwill of others and yourself brightens and softens your lines. You will probably idealize people and conditions that please you, and are not very logical nor consecutive in mental process. I have been in the charming country you describe, many and many a time and felt its spell. Impulse and haste are very noticeable in your study which has capital swing and initiative.

The Family Tramp.—Your birthday, May 30, takes you clear away from Taurus, the May sign, and puts you under Gemini, a very different one. You are genial, conversational, enthusiastic and practical, with light will, some tenacity and an absence of conceit and wish for display. Ambition and care for detail are suggested. Gemini people are very difficult to manage or understand until they have, by firm and constant effort, subdued the lower nature and harmonized the two minds of their sign, The Twins. Marriage is helpful to these people, if the partner be loving and good. Little animal food is needed, much fruit and vegetable cereals and no exciting or stimulating drinks. Egotism and extravagant statements are the bane of Gemini progress. Your nature seems gentle, modest and true, but your study is not yet fully matured.

CHRISTMAS.

It's an old and oft repeated problem to determine what shall be selected for the holiday gifts between family and friends. It is fast coming to be recognized that few things are more appropriate or more highly esteemed than well chosen photographic portraits. The Kennedy Studio, at 107 King street west, offers peculiar advantages to those desiring the most modern and artistic photographic likenesses. The studio is fitted with every convenience and equipped with the best modern instruments and apparatus. Every order receives Mr. Kennedy's personal attention. Holiday sittings should be arranged for at once.

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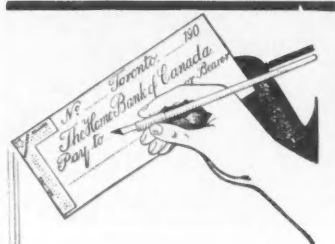
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## CONCERTS

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FREDERICK STOCK, Conductor

February 15  
MENDELSSOHN CHOIR and  
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MISS MARIE STODDART, Soprano  
MISS JANET SPENCER, Contralto  
MR. GWYLLIM MILES, Baritone

On Saturday evening February 16th, the concert will consist principally of unaccompanied choral works, and the assisting artist will be Mr. Josef Hofmann, pianist.  
The subscription lists will be open to-day. Subscriptions will be received at Massey Hall, at the music store, or by any member of the Committee or Chorus.  
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Sale of Seats begins Tuesday next.



**Ethel Barrymore**  
Who will make her first appearance in Toronto next week, at the Princess Theatre, in a new play, "Her Sister."

ETHEL BARRYMORE, one of the most-talked-of American actresses of the day, and one of the very few stars that have been made such by the voice of the people, is to be presented for the first time in this city by Charles Frohman at the Princess Theatre next Monday evening, in the new play called "Her Sister," which has been written in collaboration for her by Clyde Fitch and Cosmo Gordon Lennox. The engagement is for six nights and a matinee on Saturday only.

The play is called a three-act comedy, with its scenes laid in England, though the incidents of the story are supposed to have occurred in America. The writing of it occupied Fitch and Lennox an entire summer. The collaboration is said to be the first which has resulted in the production of a modern play by two authors of different nationalities, one an Englishman, the other an American. And it was no ordinary undertaking that these two writers had before them, to evolve a play, and a comedy at that, which would create a new field for so compelling a comedienne as Miss Barrymore, whose stage work in everything she has essayed had shown astonishing technique. "Her Sister" is said to be an excellent medium for the display of her talents.

The company with which Mr. Frohman has surrounded Miss Barrymore includes Mr. Arthur Byron as leading man, Mrs. Fanny A. Edison Pitt, Miss Louise Drew, Miss Lucile Watson, Miss Anita Rothe, Mr. Charles Hammond, Mr. Lumsden Hare (son of John Hare), Miss Desmonde Kelley, Mr. Rockcliffe Fellowes, and others. Miss Drew is the daughter of John Drew, whose sister, Georgiana Drew, was Miss Barrymore's mother. Nearly all of the other members of Miss Barrymore's present company have appeared with her in her various past plays, as the roles offered.

The present new comedy has been staged by Mr. Fitch, as is his wont whenever his works are first produced.

The announcement that the Royal Alexandra Theatre management will next week give an elaborately prepared production of J. M. Barrie's dainty comedy, "Quality Street," will be received with pleasure by all who have read this charming story. This drama of homely life, in which the characters are drawn with Mr. Barrie's unerring and inimitable skill, is most realistic, quaint and engaging. In it Miss Maude Adams scored one of her most notable successes.

"Quality Street," from which the play takes its name, is a quiet thoroughfare in a quiet village of England. Among the dwellers in this street, back in the time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, were two sisters, Susan and Phoebe Throssell—Susan a prim old maid, Phoebe, younger, lighter of heart, and happy in her love for young Dr. Brown, the village physician. Unfortunately Dr. Brown does not appreciate this love. When he comes, as Phoebe thinks, to propose, it is instead to bid her good-bye on the eve of his going abroad to join the army in the field. For nine years he remains away, and during that time the sisters lose their money and are forced to open a girls' school. Phoebe, whom unrequited love has saddened,

becomes prim like her sister, and when Dr. Brown at last returns he is shocked at the change in her circumstances and appearance. At this her girlishness breaks forth in a prank. To see if she cannot recall her good looks and happy spirits, she dresses in an old-fashioned ball gown and assumes all the old gaiety. In this guise Dr. Brown discovers her, and, with dulness of perception, fails to recognize her. Afraid to confess, Phoebe pretends to be her young niece. Dr. Brown sees in her the Phoebe of old, and realizes he has loved her all the time. They are together constantly for a week, before the doctor awakes to the deception, and when he does discover it they are married.

Matinees will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

At Shea's Theatre for the week of November 25 Master Gabriel, "The Original Buster," has been engaged to appear in Al Lamar's sketch, "Auntie's Visit." Another feature of the bill will be Cliff Gordon, the German Politician. Other acts to be seen are those given by Eleanor Falke, Rooney Sisters, Wills and Hassan, and McCrea and Poole.

Receptions will be held on the stage every afternoon after the matinee by Master Gabriel, and every child will receive a souvenir.

"The Prince of Pilsen," which seems absolutely determined to go on forever, is again "on the road," and recently played to good business in Los Angeles and San Francisco, despite the fact that this Pixley-Luders opera has been seen out that way many, many times.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the famous English actress, who has commenced another tour of this continent, has this time brought with her her daughter, Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, who is now nineteen years old, and who will officiate



**Elfrida Lasche**  
A member of the Royal Alexandra Theatre Company.

as stage manager for her talented mother. The young woman will also make her debut as an actress, her mother having at last given her consent. For the last three years Miss Campbell has been in Dresden, completing her education. Quite recently she was presented at Court, and was the subject of compliments from both the King and Queen. This presentation followed upon the young woman's appearance in a pageant written at the request of H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, the famous playwright, and given in the grounds of the Duchess of Claremont, near Esher. The Duchess of Albany stood sponsor for Miss Campbell at the Court. It is believed here that this is the first time that a comparatively inexperienced actress has ever officiated in control of a stage where a repertoire of plays was to be given. During the last six months Miss Campbell has been studying her new duties under the supervision of her mother, and at the same time making such preparations as will be necessary for the American presentation of "Electra," the new play Mrs. Campbell is to do on her tour. Other plays to be given

will be "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," "Magda," and possibly one or two more, one of which may be "The Sorceress." Mrs. Campbell takes with her an entire English company and her own productions. The tour, it is understood, will cover a period of twenty weeks.

The Christian Intelligencer (New York) quotes from the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" the following account of an incident which happened during her stay in Rome in the latter years of the eighteenth century:

Mr. Wilbraham Bootle, a young Englishman, handsome, clever, of high social position, and immensely rich, fell in love with a Miss Taylor, who could bring her husband nothing but her pretty face. Mr. Wilbraham Bootle, however, aspired to obtain her hand, and easily obtained her consent. The marriage day had been fixed. At a great dinner at Lord Camelford's the conversation turned upon an ascent that had been made in the morning to the cross upon the dome of St. Peter's. To reach the cross it was necessary to pass outside the ball. Mr. Wilbraham Bootle said that he did not possess a steady head, would never be able to reach the cross, and that nothing in the world would induce him to try.

"Nothing in the world?" said Miss Taylor.

"Nothing, I assure you."

"What, not even if I were to ask you?"

"You would not ask me to do a thing for which I frankly admit my dislike."

"Excuse me. I do ask you, I beg of you, and, if necessary, I insist."

Mr. Wilbraham Bootle attempted to laugh the matter off, but Miss Taylor insisted, notwithstanding the interference of Lord Camelford.

The whole company met two days following at St. Peter's to watch the performance of the task imposed upon the young man. He performed his trial with great coolness, and when he came down the triumphant beauty came toward him with outstretched hand; he took her hand, kissed it, and said: "Miss Taylor, I have obeyed the whim of a charming girl. Permit me now in return to give you a piece of advice: if you wish to keep your power, never misuse it. I wish you all prosperity, and now good-by."

The Pekin Gazette, the publication of which, according to a recent telegram, has been suspended, is a very venerable patriarch among newspapers, since it is said to have made its first appearance something like 1,000 years ago; but it is not, as is often stated, the oldest journal in the world. This distinction belongs to the Tsing-Pao (or Pekin News), which was founded nearly twelve centuries ago, and was venerable when its younger rival, the Gazette, was cradled. It was founded early in the sixth century, 800 years before a newspaper was known in Europe. The Tsing-Pao, which is the Times of China, now appears as a book of twenty-four pages, octavo size, tied in a yellow cover by two knots of rice paper, and its price is about twenty cents a month. This is the edition de luxe, officially recognized by the emperor; there is also a popular edition.

Our little boy ate salt mackerel for the first time the other morning. "Where does these fish come from—the lake?" he asked, after the first bite. "No, from the ocean," answered his father. "Gee!" said Benny, "I don't wonder the ocean's salty!" —Cleveland Leader.

"Your collection of water colors is very nice," said Mrs. Swellman, "but have you no oil paintings?"

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Nuritch; "I don't consider them safe."

"Not safe?"

"No, in case of fire, you know." —Philadelphia Press.

"You wish to employ one of our detectives to watch your husband?" "I do." "May I ask what has aroused your suspicion of him?" "He sent me a bunch of violets and a box of candy from town yesterday." —Houston Post.

"Papa, what is margin?" "My son, it is an ever-present lack in time of trouble." —Life.



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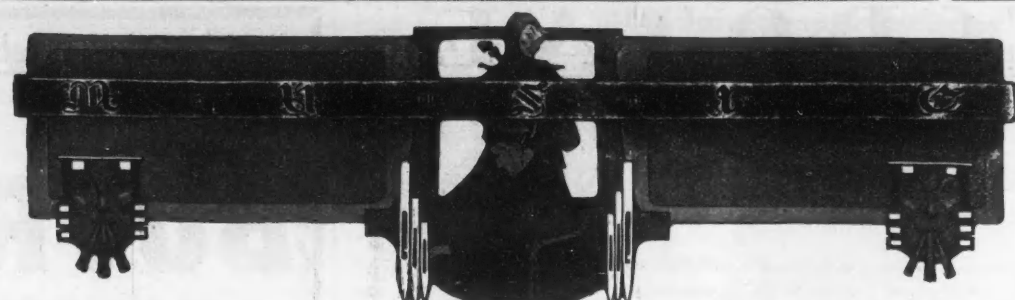
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THE Savage Opera Company returned to Toronto on Monday and have given four performances of Puccini's opera, "Madam Butterfly," to large and appreciative audiences. The production was quite up to the Savage standard—that is, that the representations were distinguished by excellent ensemble work. The event introduced two new Butterflies, namely, Miss Phoebe Strakosch and Miss Betty Wolff. Miss Strakosch has a voice of fine quality, possessing power and brilliancy, and withal of a dramatic character. She made a most favorable impression at her two appearances. Miss Wolff has a voice of lighter texture, but sang her role with much charm of voice and expression. The third Butterfly was the American soprano, Rene Vivienne, whose impersonation last season received so much praise from press and public. Each of the three presentations of the title role had special merits, while all were generally good. Pinkerton was impersonated by Messrs. Vernon Stiles and William Schuller, both newcomers. There is little music in the part for the singer to distinguish himself, if one excepts the passionate love duet in the first act. This scene was rendered most effectively, Messrs. Stiles and Schuller singing with warm feeling and with voices of sympathetic timbre. The leading exponent of the part of Sharpless, the United States consul, was admirably sung by Mr. Ottley Cranston, whose sonorous and smooth voice and clear enunciation once more won enthusiastic praise from his hearers. It is probable that with the end of the tour of the company, Mr. Savage will withdraw the opera, or that he will form a repertory company and include it in his list.

Mr. Robert A. Shaw has received the appointment of solo tenor of the Metropolitan church. Mr. Shaw occupied the same position fourteen years ago, but since then he has sung in New York for three years, in Connecticut for five, and in Pittsburgh, as precursor of the First Methodist church, for six. Mr. Shaw received his vocal training from Mr. Herbert Pepper of New York.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music, which deservedly occupies a very high place among the educational institutions, not only of the Dominion, but of this continent, has within the last year taken an important step in the musical history of Toronto by establishing a Symphony Orchestra worthy to rank with those of larger cities, although composed entirely of local players. This aggregation of artists, known as the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, was heard once or twice last year to great advantage, and the first concert of the present season will take place at Massey Hall, Tuesday, December 10, when a well-contrasted programme will be presented before a large and representative audience. Knowledge of and sympathy with the full modern orchestra has of late increased among us owing to the annual visits of the various American orchestras, but the time has come when the need of a permanent body of reliable artists has been so strongly felt that the courage and enterprise of the Conservatory of Music cannot but be a matter of congratulation to all lovers of music in Toronto. The personnel of this orchestra will be found to be wholly Canadian, a point in which it differs considerably from American organizations, which are largely recruited from the German and Hungarian population, while among the Toronto players will be noted several leading instrumentalists and soloists of established reputation. With such excellent material under the direction of Mr. Frank S. Welsman a good performance is guaranteed for Tuesday, December 10.

Mr. Henry J. Lautz, the well-known tenor, gave a recital of his own compositions in Conservatory Music Hall last Saturday evening. The event attracted a musically cultured audience, among whom were recognized many leading members of the profession. The result of the recital was to convince the gathering that Mr. Lautz is not only an artistic singer, but a composer of refinement and imagination. Mr. Lautz had the assistance in the interpretation of his lyrics of Mme. Bessie Bonsall and of

Miss Willocks, the latter the accomplished pupil of Mrs. Bradley, both of whom sang in excellent voice and style. Mr. Lautz's piano solos, "Etude" and "Valse Caprice" were played brilliantly by Miss Caldwell. The latter was encored, and the composer himself was called out to bow his acknowledgments. As an encore number after one of his groups of songs Mr. Lautz gave "Darling with thy lips so tender." The efficient accompanist of the evening was Mr. W. H. Hewlett.

Mr. Rhynd Jamieson, the well-known baritone, has been much sought after recently. It is only a short time ago since this promising artist went to the Church of the Redeemer as soloist. Within the past month he has been offered three different positions. One of these difficult of soloist at St. Paul's Methodist church, Avenue road, which Mr. Jamieson has accepted. The position is quite an important one, as the choir of that church contain two very capable soloists in Mrs. Leonora-Kennedy, soprano, and Mr. Bruce Bradley, tenor. The musical director and organist is Mr. Walter Coles, whose efforts to maintain an effective choir have been so successful.

The following pupils of Miss Ethel M. Robinson, F.T.Coll.M., and Miss Mabel Robinson, A.T.Coll.M., gave a piano recital at the Toronto College of Music, on Saturday afternoon, November 16: Annie Hills, Helen Duckworth, May Barrington, Robert Duke, Willie Duke, Glena Musson, Edythe Hewitt, Vera Wallace, Willie Miles, Pauline Miles, Marvel Zelliax, Pearl Summerfeldt, Margaret Thomson, Frank Dingle, Constance Dingle, Irving Armstrong, Frances Uren, Elsie McCall, Isabel McCall, Jewel Pearson, Marjorie Heakes, Aileen Gardiner, Daisy Craig, Eleanor Watt, Gertrude Speers, Gordon Pinel, Margaret Robbie, Lynette Maybee, Ada Willans, Norah Bungay, Gladys McMaster, Muriel McFadden, Ray McFadden, Edith Dallimore, Viva McCarten, Marjorie Holme, Estrid Holme, Marguerite Tereau, Melissa Johnson, Lillian Thompson.

The practices of the Toronto Oratorio Society are progressing well, and the two works in hand, "The Creation" and "Joan of Arc," are being carefully rehearsed. The chorus is particularly interested in "Joan of Arc," which is said to be the most popular and fascinating work ever taken up by the society. The concerts will be given the last week in January, and subscription lists are now in the hands of the members.

The Sherlock Male Quartette has been adding to its widespread popularity during the past few months in various parts of the province. On a recent tour, in which concerts were given in Huntsville, Burk's Falls, North Bay and Parry Sound—in all of which places they had already appeared several times before—these popular singers met with a reception of a flattering character, and the local papers give extended notices of the concerts, which are spoken of in high terms of praise. The Quartette is booking dates as far ahead as New Year's, when they will appear at Drayton.

The programme arrangements for the cycle of concerts to be given by the Mendelssohn Choir in February next, have practically been completed. Mr. Vogt has received from Mr. Stock, the eminent conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, the names of the orchestra's contributions to the programme of the cycle. Following the educational policy which has constantly been kept in view in these concerts, many important novelties, both choral and orchestral, will again be presented this season. The chorus has in preparation the superb German Requiem (the magnum opus of Brahms), the most important choruses from Bach's gigantic B minor Mass, Cesar Franck's Psalm 150, besides unaccompanied choruses of Palestrina, Cesar Cui, Calvisins, Lassens, Brockway and others. Among works which have already been heard in Toronto are Grieg's "Olaf Trygvason," Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," Cornelius' "The Hero's Rest" (three works which were given at the Leeds Festival this season) and compositions by Lotti, Cornelius,

Sir R. P. Stewart, Sir Edward Elgar and others.

Of unusual interest are Mr. Stock's selections for the orchestra, including Cesar Franck's great symphony in D minor; Strauss' splendid symphonic poem "Death and Transfiguration"; Elgar's fine Variations Op. 35; Hugo Wolf's Serenade; Bach's Suite in D minor; Brahms' Academic Festival Overture; Beethoven's Leonore Overture, No. 3; a fine march by Thuille, and Wagner's Huldigungsmarsch and Meistersinger Prelude. The last named work and Beethoven's Overture, No. 3, are perhaps the only ones previously given in Toronto.

The soloists who are to assist during the February concert cycle are Miss Marie Stoddard, soprano; Miss Janet Spence, contralto; Mr. Gwyllim Miles, baritone; and Mr. Josef Hofmann, pianist.

The subscription lists will be in the hands of the members of the chorus and at Massey Music Hall and the music stores on and after November 19. The last concert of the cycle will be given without orchestra, the chorus appearing principally in unaccompanied numbers, with Mr. Josef Hofmann as piano soloist. Mr. Hofmann will also appear with the chorus at Convention Hall, Buffalo, February 24.

An event of interest which took place on Friday evening, November 1, was the delighted rendering of Shakespeare's charming comedy, "As You Like It," by Miss Dot Fraleigh, a senior pupil of the Conservatory School of Expression. So general was the interest in the young reader's debut that when the hour appointed for the recital arrived not only was the Conservatory Music Hall taxed to its capacity, but a number had to be denied admission. The rendition was in the form of a monologue, the most interesting manner of presenting Shakespeare, as it represents both the objectivity of a stage production and the cultured interpretation of the student. Miss Fraleigh's reading was marked by its buoyancy, versatility and intelligence. Her interpretation showed individuality in conception, and lovers of this favorite Shakespearean comedy had the opportunity of viewing it in a somewhat new light. That the reader's interpretation met with approval was manifest by the splendid attention and frequent applause of the audience. A criticism of the rendering would scarcely be complete without a reference to the clear and distinct characterizations, especially those of Rosalind, Celia and Touchstone. A very excellent and pleasant feature was the splendid voice work and clear enunciation of the reader. Altogether the recital reflected great credit on Miss Fraleigh and should be a cause for congratulation by the Conservatory School of Expression.

Miss Fraleigh had the assistance of Miss Helen Strong, pianist, who gave a delightful interpretation of two numbers by Seeböck, "Serenata Napolitano" and "Minuet a l'antico," while Mr. Bartley Brown sang with dignity and musical taste the Recitative and Aria from Judas Macabeus, "I feel the Deity Within;" "Arm, Arm, Ye Brave."

Extracts from the diary which Chopin kept in the years 1837 to 1848 are published in the Guide Musical. The following was written after his first meeting with George Sand: "Dark eyes, strange eyes. What did they say? She leaned over the piano and her embracing glances surged about me. My soul had found its haven. Her strange eyes smiled. Her form is masculine, her features broad, almost coarse, but those melancholy and strange eyes! I languished for them and yet I withdrew timidly. She went away. Later we conversed on diverse topics. Liszt, who had seen me sitting alone, had brought her to me. Flowers all around us. My heart was captivated. She praised my playing. She understood me. But this course false, stern and sad! I have since seen her twice in her salon, surrounded by members of the upper French aristocracy, then once alone. She loves me. Aurora, what a charming name! The night wanes."

CHERUBINO.  
He—Pardon me, madam, I didn't see you. She (distressingly plump)—Oh, my dear monsieur, you are so kind!—Transatlantic Tales.

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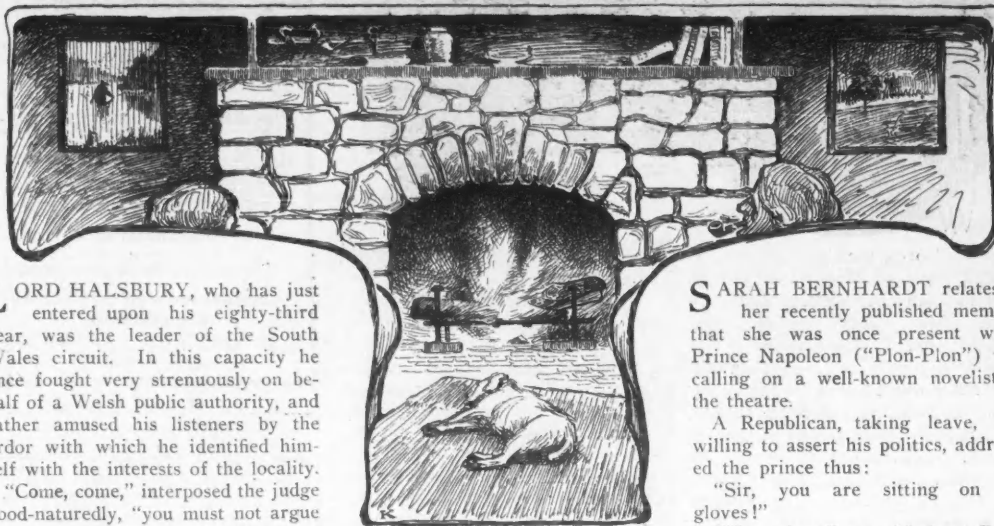
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# A NECDOTAL



LORD HALSBURY, who has just entered upon his eighty-third year, was the leader of the South Wales circuit. In this capacity he once fought very strenuously on behalf of a Welsh public authority, and rather amused his listeners by the ardor with which he identified himself with the interests of the locality.

"Come, come," interposed the judge good-naturedly, "you must not argue too much in that strain. You cannot make yourself out to be a Welshman, you know."

"Perhaps, not," returned the future lord chancellor, "but I have made a good deal of money out of Welshmen in my time."

"Well, well," replied the judge, "we may call you a Welshman by extraction."

ONE day a celebrated advocate was arguing before a very rude old Scotch judge, who pointed with one forefinger to one of his ears, and with the other to the opposite one.

"You see this, Mr. X?"

"I do, my lord," said the advocate.

"Well, it just goes in here and comes out there," and his lordship smiled with the hilarity of a judge who thinks he has actually said a good thing.

"I don't doubt it, my lord," replied the advocate; "what is there to prevent it?"

A COLONEL, on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drill-room, when he came across a couple of soldiers, one of them reading a letter aloud while the other was listening, and at the same time stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the latter.

"You see, colonel, I'm reading to Murphy, who can't read himself, a letter which has just come from his sweetheart."

"And you, Murphy, what in all the world are you doing?"

"Please, colonel, I am stopping up O'Brien's ears with both hands because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to hear a word of what she has written."

AS Sir Henry Hawkins, Lord Brampton presided at a trial in which one of the counsel wearied everyone in court by his long-winded speech. After bearing it quietly for some time, the judge jotted down a note in pencil and sent it by an attendant to the counsel in question. When that gentleman had read it, he made an abrupt ending to his oration, for Sir Henry's note was as follows: "Patience competition.—Gold medal, Sir Henry Hawkins; honorable mention, Job."

A very self-confident young barrister was once introduced to Sir Henry and throughout his conversation continually boasted of what he hoped to do in the future.

"Ah," said his lordship at last, "so you hope to be famous one day, eh?"

"Yes," replied the barrister, "one day I hope to have the world at my feet."

"Why, what have you been doing all this time?" inquired Sir Henry; "walking on your hands?"

A SCOTCH minister once discovered his wife asleep in her pew while he was preaching. He stopped suddenly, and in a loud clear voice shouted: "Susan!"

Susan came to her senses with a jerk.

"Susan," he continued, "I didn't marry ye for your wealth sin' ye had none; I didn't marry ye for your beauty, as the whole congregation can see, and if ye hae nae grace I hae made a sair bargain."

TWO ambitious but inexperienced golfers were recently battling over the links. All went fairly well, although bogey remained practically intact, until they reached a tee overlooking a pond. Each drove furiously, then cautiously, a half dozen balls into the murky depths of that pool.

Standing near by was a little girl, stupid but curious. After the twelfth ball had plunged to rise no more she queried blankly but sincerely of the golfer:

"Say, mister, what is the fun in this game?"

THE rich young man who was trying to learn to work had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer, but he found that his path was by no means clear of obstacles.

"You tell me your father objects to your marrying me," he said, in a crestfallen tone. "Is it because I am in his employ? I can leave it and go back to a life of idleness if he prefers."

"Oh, no, that isn't what he wants," said the object of his choice. "He says I may marry you just as soon as you're valuable enough to have your salary raised."

THE friends of Senator Chauncey M. Depew denounce as grossly exaggerated the report that, as a retail and wholesale dealer in anecdotes of all varieties, he has reformed. In fact, somebody asked the Senator about it not long since, and Mr. Depew replied:

"My reformation is only partial. I used to relate a joke in the face of all protest; now, however, I have learned a little wisdom: when I am telling a man a story I stop short if I see a certain peculiar gleam in his eye."

"The gleam that means he's heard it before?" inquired the curious one.

"No," replied the Senator, "the gleam that means he's busy thinking of one he means to tell me."

THERE is a certain young artist who classes himself as of the impressionistic school, and who, being somewhat out in drawing, generally makes up for his lack of technique by spreading color recklessly and counting on distance for his effect.

At an amateur exhibition he once hung one of his most extraordinary performances.

"Well," said a friend, whom the artist had taken to see the work, "I don't want to flatter you, old chap, but that is far and away the best stuff you have ever done. I congratulate you."

Much pleased, the artist was receiving the compliment with becoming modesty, when he chanced again to glance at the picture—and turned very red. The committee had hung it upside down!

Hurrying to the head of the committee, he was about to launch into a loud complaint, when he was informed of the good news that an hour before the picture had been sold for \$61. The original price-mark had been \$19.

THERE was one lad in a certain school who would persist in saying "have went." One day the teacher "kept him in," saying: "While I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times."

When the pedagogue returned he found that the boy had dutifully performed the task, having written "have gone" fifty times. On the other side of the paper, however, was this message from the absent one:

"I have went. John White."

A STORY is told of Marshal Le-fevre, Duke of Dantzic, that favorite of Napoleon, which illustrates his own consciousness of the qualities that had made him what he was. He was vexed at the tone of envy and unkindness with which a companion of his childhood, who met him in his prosperity, spoke of his riches, titles, and luxury, and said in reply:

"Well, now you shall have it all, but at the price which I have paid for it. We will go into the garden, and I will fire a musket at you sixty times, and then if you are not killed everything shall be yours."

TWO very cadaverous looking tramps looked in at the window of a Western railway station where a telegraph operator sat at his key. "Say, pardner," one of them said in a very husky voice, "report a couple o' empties goin' East."

SARAH BERNHARDT relates in her recently published memoirs that she was once present when Prince Napoleon ("Plon-Plon") was calling on a well-known novelist at the theatre.

A Republican, taking leave, and willing to assert his politics, addressed the prince thus:

"Sir, you are sitting on my gloves!"

"The prince," says Madame Bernhardt, "scarcely moved, pulled the gloves out, and, throwing them on the floor, remarked: 'I thought this seat was clean.'"

THE old couple were eating their first meal with their son after his return from college.

"Tell us, John," said the father, "what you have learned at college?"

"Oh, lots of things," said the son, as he recited his course of studies. "Then," he concluded, "I also studied logic."

"Logic," said the old man; "what is that?"

"It's the art of reasoning," said the son.

"The art of reasoning?" said the father. "What is that, my boy?"

"Well," replied the son, "let me give you a demonstration. How many chickens are on that dish, father?"

"Two," said the old man.

"Well," said John, "I can prove there are three." Then he stuck his fork in one and said, "That is one, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the father.

"And this is two?" sticking his fork in the second.

"Yes," replied the father again.

"Well, don't one and two make three?" replied John triumphantly.

"Well, I declare," said the father; "you have learned things at college! Well, mother," continued the old man to his wife, "I will give you one of the chickens to eat and I'll take the other, and John can have the third. How is that, John?"

TOMMY had been punished. "Mama," he sobbed, "did your mama whip you when you were little?"

"Yes, when I was naughty."

"And did her mama whip her when she was little?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"And was she whipped when she was little?"

"Yes."

"Well," inquired the child, his brain cleared by the position he had just occupied, "who started it, anyway?"

ON one of his trips abroad Mr. Evarts landed at Liverpool. The steamer was proceeding slowly up the river to the wharf, and Mr. Evarts was standing on deck, looking meditatively at the muddy waters of the Mersey. Suddenly he turned to his companion, and with a quizzical gleam in his eye said:

"Evidently 'the quality of Mercy is not strained.'"

COUNTLESS are the stories told of the geniality of Dr. Hans Richter, the famous conductor. A short time ago, says London Tit-Bits, while rehearsing a Mozart symphony, in which the first violins had a number of delicate trills and turns to perform, these were played too heavily for Richter, who said: "Please, gentlemen, pianissimo! Queen Mab—not suffragettes." Again, when on one occasion Richter was not thoroughly satisfied with the orchestral rendering of a scene from "Tristan and Isolde," he stopped the rehearsal and asked for more dignity in the playing, adding that Isolde was the daughter of a king, not of a cook. On another occasion, while rehearsing Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" music, the violoncellos have a very passionate melody to play. Richter was by no means satisfied that the needful warmth of expression had been obtained. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "you all play like married men, not like lovers."

DOCTOR—"Your husband will be all right now."

Wife—"What do you mean? You told me he couldn't live a fortnight ago."

"Well, I'm going to cure him. Surely you are glad?"

"Puts me in a bit of a hole. I've bin and sold all his clothes to pay for his funeral."

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## Other Points of View

A "PROMINENT business man" of New York is seeking a companion and teacher for his little girl. We may assume, says The Argonaut, that his need is rather an urgent one and that his promise of a good salary will be carried out, seeing that his advertisement in one of the great metropolitan dailies runs to about half a column of small type, and announcements of this kind are said to be expensive. The advertisement is undoubtedly a genuine one and we can only say that if such a display as this is needed to get the kind of woman that is wanted—that is to say, one who possesses a competent common sense—then indeed the state of the teaching market must be in a very perilous plight.

First of all, our "prominent business man" does not want the usual type of "refined lady." Applicants need not go to the trouble of stating what they are pleased to call their "religious convictions" because they are of no interest. Nor does he care to receive communications from those who combine daisies and violets on their winter bonnets, who refer to crockery as "porcelains," whose elegant repose of manner is mere vacuity, or who refer frequently and in sorenness of spirit to "past reverses" which are responsible for my present anomalous and unfortunate circumstances. Ladies who bellow their faces with *oeil de poudre* may keep away, as may those whose only pleasure is in melancholy pangs of grief or who have high voices. It may be said that this last item sensibly narrows the field.

So much for the things that are not wanted; and after all they are much more prohibitive than the things that are wanted. Why applicants for such positions usually begin by false assurances that they believe in the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Westminster Confession or the Book of Mormon is one of the perplexities of human nature, but they do. But to return. This "prominent business man" explains that he wants a common-sense woman for a commonplace little girl. The combination does not sound very formidable, but when you come to think it over it reminds one of that old philosophical problem of what would happen should an irresistible body strike an immovable mass. What a vista of perplexities is opened by the training of the commonplace little girl. Nothing in nature is so odious or so unbearable when the training has been awry. The advertiser says frankly that his little girl is no "papa's angel-faced dearie." She is just human flesh and blood with an "expressive countenance," a "copper colored mane," and with some of the peculiarities of the "Mexican broncho." This is at least frank, and we suspect that the young lady has force and belongs to the category out of which come only two kinds at the summons of parent or teacher—splendid women or useless viragos.

When she is good, she is very good indeed,  
But when she is bad, she is horrid.

SO far as education goes, our "prominent business man" has peculiar views. First and foremost, his daughter must be taught the essentials of good breeding, how to eat, how to speak—and presumably how and when not to speak—how to come into a room and to leave it, and all those other little things that are called good breeding. She must be taught to estimate no one by either clothing or money and to find a delight in the beautiful things of nature. She must also be shown how to appreciate a good dramatic play and to abhor a bad one, and she must be encouraged to love music and good lectures. Moreover, the teacher who is selected must be one who is never guilty of the weakness of giving way to her pupil, of devising amusements to keep her quiet, or of surrendering by the breadth of a hair to clamor or insistence. In conclusion, it is pointed out that letters of recommendation will not carry much weight. It is easy to get eulogies of character and high social standing, but these are small compensation for the things that should be avoided.

It is to be feared that our "prominent business man" will find some difficulty in getting what he wants. Women with such sterling accomplishments as he requires are usually training children of their own—fortunately for the nation and the world.

WE are hearing a great deal too much about tailors. Not satisfied with leading us into devious and extravagant ways in the matter of colored clothing, says The Argonaut, they have now issued a sort of index

expurgatorious of the various risks that they take in the matter of payment for their wares. Now it is a matter of ancient and time honored usage that tailors' bills, like doctors' bills, are never due, and that their settlement depends wholly upon grace and not upon right. Those who pay tailors' bills, out of the fullness of their hearts and of their purses, are expected to pay not only for their own clothing but for that of the impecunious ones who, after all, must wear something, whatever may be the condition of their exchequer. For a tailor to complain of a difficulty in collecting his account is bad form, but to classify his customers under the heading of "risks," like an insurance company, is still worse.

This is precisely what has been done by an eastern publication devoted to the tailoring profession. First we have "minimum risks," then "inveterate credit takers," and finally, "bad payers." Under the first and most favorable category we have shopkeepers, weekly wage-earners, farmers and agricultural occupations. Inveterate credit takers include those who will even ually pay under some pressure, and here we find clergymen in the lead, followed by retired military and naval men, the less prosperous professional class, and attorneys. The third class is said to be constitutionally averse to the payment of tailors' or any other bills, and here we find soldiers, sailors, cattle dealers, itinerant tradesmen, brokers, actors, and literary men.

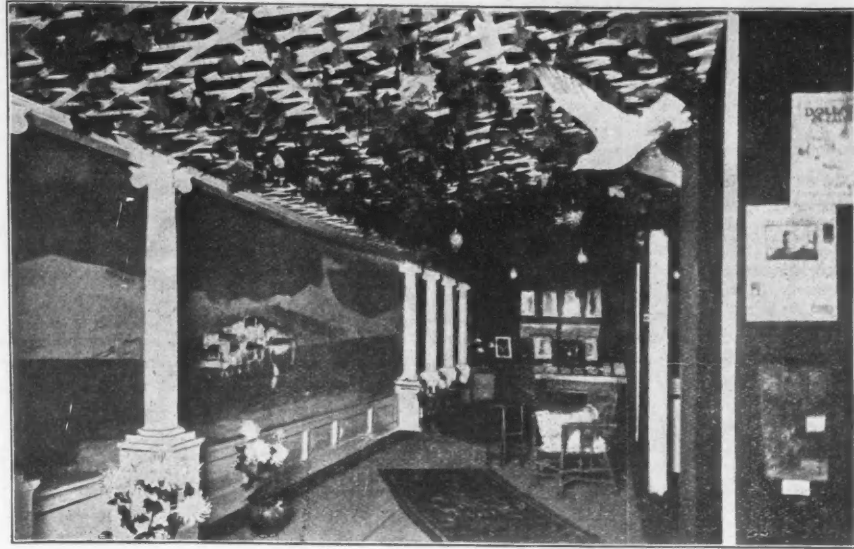
These lists suggest some psychological puzzles. Why, for instance, asks The Argonaut, does the pursuit of agriculture conduce to the payment of a tailoring bill, and contact with cattle suggest its evasion? Why should there be a tendency among attorneys to shirk their personal responsibilities to their tailors? Why do clergymen demand inordinate credit unless it be on the well-founded theory that the "most favored nation" principle applies to them everywhere and always? That literary men should be a little backward with their tailors is hardly surprising. They can not pay what they do not possess, and although no one expects a literary man to show a very fine discrimination in the cut of his coat, it is still necessary for him to wear a coat of some kind. He has the best intentions in the world, and to put him thus at the very bottom of the list is a little unkind, to say the least of it.

THE New York World asks what will happen at the White House in Washington should prohibition be enforced in the district of Columbia. Running on from a discussion of the habits and customs of the various presidents in the matter of hospitality, The World tells us that when Prince Henry of Prussia was in the United States a few years ago the President provided a feast at which casks of beer were the chief ornamental pieces. The White House pantry did not contain the necessary equipment for a beer fest, so the President asked a local saloon keeper to send up ten or fifteen dozen steins. When Prince Henry had taken the first observation through one of these steins he found engraved upon the bottom the words "Stolen from Ernst Gerstenberg." Stein collecting patrons had laid the worthy saloon keeper under such heavy tribute that he had been forced to protect his property in this effectual way, but for a moment no man was ever in greater danger of the presidential wrath. The situation was saved by the hilarious mirth of the royal guest, and eventually the President thanked the thrifty Gerstenberg for his substantial contribution to the social success of the evening.

It is said that the United States has only had one President within living memory who could be called *bon viveur*, and who really knew the difference between good wine and the wine that is "good enough." Under President Arthur the art of eating and drinking received more attention at the White House than ever before, and it was quite a common thing for the regular cooking staff to find itself temporarily deposed in favor of artists from some big restaurant or hotel where good cooking was the rule and not a mere matter of chance. President Arthur was a polished man of the world, and the art of the kitchen and the wine cellar was a useful weapon in his armory of diplomacy. Only rank outsiders were allowed to leave the White House without an invitation to partake of the cup that cheers—and even inebriates.

THE anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," and now of "Emerald and Ermine," again refuses her name to the title pages of her novels. It is noteworthy that this author has remained anonymous for an unusual space of time. Some seven or eight books have come from her pen to the Harpers during many years, and the secret of her identity is still undisclosed.

# W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.



This represents but feebly the new Neapolitan Garden that we have transformed from our old time basement; really you would scarcely realize that you are in a store, but can imagine yourself on the Terrace at "Bertolinius" (the famous and historical house of Naples) overlooking the glorious bay of Naples flooded by the Italian evening sun. There in the distance stands the ever threatening Vesuvius and at its foot the famous old city of Torre-Del-Greco many times destroyed by the molten lava of this same burning mountain. It is doubtful whether in the world more varied beauty and interest exists than around the Bay of Naples: for the Provincia di Napoli comprises all the islands in view of it and practically all the windings of the coast to Salerno. All this beauty, the artist, E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., has expressed in this wondrous painting of the Bay of Naples. Shopping is certainly a pleasure in a place like this and the rows of tables displaying many and varied books for Christmas gifts certainly show up to greater advantage than when placed on the old time book shelf or counter. Another great feature in connection with this Neapolitan Garden which we must not overlook is the ventilation. We have a large ventilator overhead with a long pipe 11-2 feet in circumference, reaching to the outside of our building and through which we force pure air by means of a motor, so that at all times the air is fresh and pure.

## CALENDARS

Never before have we shown such a variety of calendars. All new and unique designs. This season we have confined ourselves to calendars of high class only, but this does not mean to say that our calendars are expensive for our prices are consistent with the quality and we have priced them all at very close figures.

The Christie Calendar  
The Fisher Calendar  
The Madonna Series  
Life's Calendar  
Calendar Pads

Bits of Nature Calendar  
Flemish Oak Calendars, in many new and lovely designs  
Comic Calendars  
Daily Calendars

And many, many more too numerous to mention. The calendars are worth viewing from an artistic standpoint as there are many subjects worthy of attention.

## A Few Christmas Gift Suggestions

Books of all kinds, popular novels, books of travel, books of sport, comic books, art series, standard sets, diaries, birthday books and children's books in a great variety, suitable for all ages. Also desk requisites in novel and standard designs, dainty china clock, Mission clocks, lamp and candle shades, Bridge sets, playing cards in a great variety, private greeting cards, etc., etc. Shopping bags, purses in leather of all kinds, beaded bags, belts, buckles, combs in a large variety, Ebony toilet articles, perfumes in dainty gift boxes, silk hose, handkerchiefs in endless variety, veils, collars, etc. Cut crystal goods, brass candle sticks, jardinières, etc. China tea sets, Austrian china vases and many other artistic pieces, all suitable for gifts.

## PICTURES

Just the thing for a Christmas gift, and suitable for anyone, the householder who lives in a large mansion or the bachelor who only has one room to furnish.

The display of pictures in our Art room is certainly very fine, all the newest pictures by well known and popular artists, including Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy, Remington, Gibson, Underwood, Pierce, Hutt, Gilbert and many more. We have these pictures framed in suitable and artistic moulding or unframed awaiting your choice. Last holiday season we had copies and reproductions in miniature size of the famous pictures at London, Berlin and Paris and they were so popular that this season we have obtained a large and well assorted supply of these dainty little masterpieces. Do not delay in picking out your favorites for like last year the late comers will be disappointed. Choose your Christmas presents early and avoid worry, crowds and disappointment.

WRITE FOR OUR CHRISTMAS BOOKLET.



Copyright 1907 by Charles Scribner's Sons  
"Those Bewitching Eyes"  
By Harrison Fisher

**W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.** 17 to 31 King St. East  
10 to 20 Colborne St. Victoria St. King to Colborne St. **Toronto.**



## "Uncle Jim"

"My father was a frontiersman in the wilds of Wisconsin as early as 1847, and I have known the dried hams of twenty-five or thirty deer to hang on our cabin walls at one time at the close of the hunting season. Bear meat was also abundant. And one of my father's companions in the chase was a long-headed old Irishman named Fara, and known the country round as 'Uncle Jim'."

"It was noted that Uncle Jim wore less clothing than any other hunter in that part of the country, and he always seemed to be in finer physical condition than anyone else. One day I asked him why he never wore an overcoat in winter. He replied in a strong Irish accent: 'Ah, lad, it's me linen that kapes me well enough for two men.' 'Linen?' I retorted, 'where's the linen?' Then he told me he wore a linen undershirt and drawers, and never knew what it was to be cold or have a cold."

"And Uncle Jim was the only man I ever saw in linen underwear until ten or eleven years ago, and during all that time I struggled and suffered on with the wretchedly unsanitary underclothing of the country, creeping from one cold to another, from bronchitis to bronchitis, from pneumonia to pneumonia, and making one catarrh last well on towards a lifetime. And then one day I made a discovery. I discovered that Dr. Deimel had started the fashion of Linen Underwear in this country."

The above is an extract of a little story told by Dr. Henry W. Roby, of Kansas City, which we will mail free on application, with samples of Linen-Mesh, and valuable matter regarding our hygienic underwear.

The leading retail dealers of Toronto keep a complete assortment of the Dr. Deimel underwear in stock. Catalogues and other interesting reading matter free.

### DR. DEIMEL

Linen-Mesh Underwear Co.,  
312 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

## TWO NOTABLE BOOKS OF VERSE

**The Songs of By R. W. a Sourdough Service.** Eighth edition, with several new poems. Printed on superior wove paper, illustrated with 10 full page engravings of Yukon life and scenery. Net, \$1.50. Regular edition, not illustrated, \$1.00.

**The Last Robin** One of the most attractive gift books for this season is the new volume of lyrics and sonnets by Ethelwyn Wetherald. About half the contents are now published for the first time; the balance are what we may call the cream of the author's three earlier volumes. Miss Wetherald's reputation is too well established to require any words of commendation from us. Her new book is a handsome volume, with an attractive panel picture of a robin on the cover.

**William Briggs**  
29-33 Richmond St. West  
TORONTO

## THE LADIES' WORK DEPOSITORY

Room 8, No. 9 Toronto Street  
A choice selection of new and dainty work, suitable for

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Fine embroidery, hand-made lace, d'oyles of every description. Fine initialing on handkerchiefs, table linen, etc.

Visitor (in a mountain village just raised to the rank of a town)—You have a magnificent landscape here. Bürgermeister—Beg pardon townscape—townscape!—Transatlantic Tales.

## SOCIETY

On the day of their silver wedding anniversary, November 14, Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson received hundreds of good wishes from friends bidden by Mrs. Ryerson to an afternoon tea. Mrs. Ryerson's teas are always largely attended, and a great many men usually make them an exception to their general stay-at-home preference. Such was the case of the silver wedding day, when the hostess, in a pretty pale blue gown, and holding a huge posy of violets, was the recipient of many manly congratulations. The table was very beautifully decorated with choice flowers, and many others were sent to the silver bride by relatives and friends. As usual the dainty waitresses and the delicious fare tempted many to spoil their dinner. The tea was one of the best of the season.

On November 14 Miss Marjorie Murray came out at a huge tea given by her mother at her home, 174 Jarvis street. The debutante received with her mother, wearing a most becoming white dress, with handsome lace trimmings, and Mrs. Murray wore pale grey, with lace and embroidered trimmings. Miss Murray held a sheaf of Beauty roses, and all sorts of lovely blooms were on a table, the offerings of many kind friends. In the dining-room was the best of cheer, and a lovely polished table centred with a fairy-like basket filled with lily of the valley and violets tied with *bebe* ribbons. Little baskets similarly filled stood about on handsome lace doyley and centrepiece, and Mrs. Charles Murray and Mrs. Parkyn Murray matronized a gay party of pretty waitresses.

Mrs. T. G. Foster announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Mae Foster, and Mr. Philip Ware, of London, England. Mr. and Mrs. Ware have made their home at 79 Hamilton place, New York.

The annual conversation of Victoria College will be held on Friday evening, December 6. The guests will be received in the College Chapel from 8 to 9 o'clock by Lady Mortimer Clark.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone are settled in their residence in Elmley Place, and Mrs. Boone will receive next Tuesday week, afternoon and evening. Captain Boone has taken Senator Ross's house for the winter.

The Misses Carty are giving a tea next Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Lewis Howard is giving a tea on December 4.

Mrs. King of Montreal spent a few days with Mrs. Lewis, 1 Scarth road, en route from St. Catharines to her home.

Never has appreciation been better deserved, more heartily felt, or more happily received, than was the case on November 17, the anniversary of Miss Dupont, and the date chosen for the presentation of a birthday present from her ex-pupils here and elsewhere to their former teacher. The testimonial was over eleven hundred dollars, and would have been much more had it been possible to acquaint the ex-pupils at a distance with its presentation. Miss Dupont was surrounded on her birthday by the most beautiful flowers, her cosy home being quite a *parterre*, and many friends looked in to wish her a happy birthday, or sent kind and loving messages

by post and telephone. On next Wednesday afternoon, November 27, Miss Dupont will be at home to her ex-pupils at her home, 101 Madison avenue, from three to six o'clock, when a happy reunion of "old girls" will be held. Some are coming from other cities to pay their tribute to a woman whose judicious and able care and instruction helped so materially to make them the fine women they are.

Mrs. J. B. McClung will receive for the first time in her new home, at 233 Poplar Plains road, next Thursday afternoon, Nov. 28.

A very delightful woman is Madame Grey-Burnand, who arrived from England a few days ago, on a visit to her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Burnand, 44 Elgin avenue. Madame Burnand is an accomplished musician and sings charmingly. Among the strangers at the *bal poudre* she was much noticed and admired.

Mrs. Herbert Ball, formerly of 3A Harbord street, has removed to 189 Bloor street east, for the winter.

From Washington, D.C., on November 13 the marriage is announced of Miss Laura E. Phillips (sister of Mrs. G. H. Hodgetts, of Toronto), to Mr. Max Hendrich, both of Washington.

A marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mrs. Charles Turner, formerly of Ottawa, and Mr. Percy H. Jory, of Barrie.

Miss Evelyn Taylor, one of this season's debutantes, will go next week to Ottawa, on a visit to Mrs. Capp (formerly Clara Tomlinson of Sherbourne street). Miss Taylor will attend the drawing-room next Saturday night. On Monday Mrs. Taylor will receive at 367 Sherbourne street, and Miss Evelyn will be with her for the last time this year.

The German Lutheran Church bazaar and luncheon will be on November 27 and 28.

On Tuesday afternoon Dr. Fitzgerald gave a small tea in the "lounge" at the King Edward, for his sister, Miss Hazel Fitzgerald, at which a cosy little coterie of a score or so of his friends took tea. Miss Hazel looked very pretty in a quiet dark suit and lace blouse, with grey felt hat and feathers. The guests were almost all from the young set, two or three married friends matronizing the gay party, which included Miss Ireland, Miss Phillips, Miss Somerville, Miss Daisy Boulton, Miss Josephine Brouse, Mrs. Hollway, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. and Miss Macbeth, the Misses Harman, Miss Gladys Boulton, Miss Wallbridge, and a like number of very gallant cavaliers.

Mrs. and Miss Rathbun, 109 Bloor street west, gave a very pleasant tea for that winsome little debutante, Miss Marguerite Fleury, on Tuesday afternoon, when the "rosebud garden" bloomed with its prettiest flowers in honor of the occasion. Tea was served from a bright table done with yellow 'mums and shaded candles, where Mrs. George Blaikie and Miss Blaikie presided gracefully, and the waitresses were Miss Gertrude Warren, Miss Hazel Kemp, of Castle Frank, and Miss Kittie Gooderham. A delightful treat was the singing of Miss Frances Dawson of St. Catharines, a pupil of Mrs. Russell Duncan, who has a lovely voice and played and sang for her girl friends willingly. The guest of honor wore a pink cloth gown embroidered in white, the hostess was in a dainty

white and black taffeta and Miss Rathbun in a smart flowered organdie. A few of the girls present were Miss Muriel Deck, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Sweetman, Miss Hilda Burton, Miss Kathleen Gordon, Miss Edith Kay, Miss Dorothy Cross, Miss Smith of Kingston, Miss Dawson of St. Catharines, Miss Baldwin, Miss Trixie Phillips, Miss Agnes Young, Miss Scott of Hamilton, the Misses Matthews, Miss K. Hagarty, Miss Bessie Proudfoot, Mrs. T. M. Harris and Mrs. Denison.

Mrs. Robert Gay will receive with her mother at 67 South Drive next Monday and Tuesday.

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

MYLES.—On Nov. 7, at 328 Margueretta street, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Myles, a son.

CUMMINGS.—At Thornbury, Nov. 13, to Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Cummings, a daughter.

BLACK.—At Hespeler, Nov. 16, the wife of Redmond D. Black, manager of Dominion Bank, a son.

YULE.—At Mount Forest, Nov. 15, the wife of E. B. Yule, Esq., of the Bank of Montreal, of a daughter.

BLACK.—At Regina, Nov. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman F. Black, a son.

STEEPLER.—At Otterville, Nov. 18, the wife of A. A. Stepler, of the Traders Bank, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

GIBERT-MACLAREN.—At Jamaica, Long Island, Oct. 28, Margaret MacLaren, to Audinet Gibert, of Paris, France.

POTTS-BRENNEN.—At Hamilton, Nov. 12, Edith, youngest daughter of the late M. Brennen, Esq., to Frank Hamilton Potts, son of the late Rev. John Potts, D.D.

FITZGERALD-WALKER.—At King, Ont., Nov. 12, Laura, eldest daughter of Rev. G. Walker, to George Gerald Fitzgerald, of Chicago, Ill.

CAMPBELL-BETHUNE.—At St. Paul's church, Toronto, Nov. 14, Elizabeth Louise Bethune, daughter of the late James Bethune, Q.C., to the Rev. Clyman Campbell, M.A., B.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio.

HENDRY-MCMICHAEL.—At Toronto, Nov. 14, Elizabeth Robertson, daughter of the late John McMichael, Esq., to Dr. Wm. Belfry Hendry, son of Mr. W. J. Hendry, of Toronto.

ROSA-GRANT.—On Thursday, Nov. 14, 1907, by the Rev. D. C. Hossack, at Deer Park Presbyterian church, Joyce L. Grant, eldest daughter of Mr. W. H. Grant, barrister, to Mr. Rudolph Vielt Rosa, of Niagara Falls, N.Y.

## DEATHS.

BEAVEN.—At Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Sunday, Nov. 17, Mary Harriet Beaven, daughter of the late Rev. J. Beaven, D.D.

BECK.—At Webbwood, Nov. 12, Jacob Frederick, eldest son of Charles Beck. Funeral took place from his father's residence, Penetanguishene.

ARNOT.—At Newcastle, Nov. 16, Eutychia Randall McNaughton, widow of the late Duncan Arnot, and mother of Judge Chapple, of Rat Portage.

ALLAN.—At Acton West, Nov. 17, Lieut.-Col. Wm. Allan, late of the 20th Lorne Rifles, also of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, in his 94th year.

## Go to the "SAVOY"

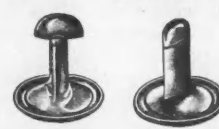
for the best Chocolates, Bon-Bons and all kind of Candies, Fancy Boxes, Xmas Novelties, Crackers, etc.

## Our Japanese Tea Room

is a delightful spot to take a friend in the afternoon or evening for a cup of tea, coffee, cocoa, light lunch or ice cream.

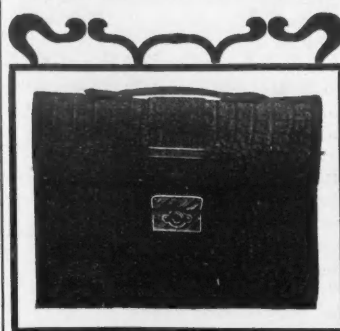
YONGE and ADELAIDE STREETS

## THE MAPLE LEAF COLLAR BUTTON



The finest button on the market; the easiest to button and unbutton; does not smash up the collar like all buttons with a solid head.

Ask your jeweler or turnisher for the MAPLE LEAF. Price 25c.



## Writing Folios

Because they are so useful and last a lifetime, the writing folio has always been one of the most popular of Christmas gifts.

We make fifteen different qualities and styles. Prices \$3 to \$20.

## CATALOGUE No. 20 NOW READY

This catalogue contains 100 large pages illustrating the very latest productions of Travelling Goods, Leather Goods and Leather Novelties.

We Pay Express in Ontario.

## Julian Sale

Leather Goods Co. Limited  
105 KING ST. WEST

## Michie's West India Cocktails

are a skillful and pleasing blend of pure liquors of fine quality.

They are specially adapted for home use, saving all the trouble necessary to produce a pleasing mixed drink.

And there is economy as well as convenience in the ready-for-use feature of Michie's Cocktails.

75c bottle.

Michie & Co., Ltd.  
7 King Street West

Handsome Ground Floor Office with vault, to rent. Apply, Toronto Saturday Night.

## Synopsis of Canadian North-west

### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or a male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowance crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORRY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

## NOVELTIES IN LADIES' WEAR

Among the newest novelties that have arrived are English knitted motoring scarfs. These are very unique and are shown in pure silk, and silk and wool; they are 48 inches long. The silks are all in plain colors; some fifteen shades are shown. In the silk and wool we have the most beautiful mottled effects which sell at \$3.00 each.

Ladies' long woollen gloves, real hand knit, Scotch fingering, in colors white, grey and cardinal, exceptional fine value, \$1.50 per pair.

We are devoting a large section for our Ladies' Specialties, which we are introducing for the holiday season.

Large range of fleecy dressing gowns, jackets, golf jackets and kimono. Fancy shawls, and long woollen scarfs. Our display will interest you. Phone Main 2611.

## Wreyford & Co.

HIGH CLASS WEAR  
85 KING STREET WEST

## E. HOPKINS BURIAL CO.

(E. Hopkins) UNDERTAKERS  
P. N. 521 222 YONGE STREET

## DANIEL STONE

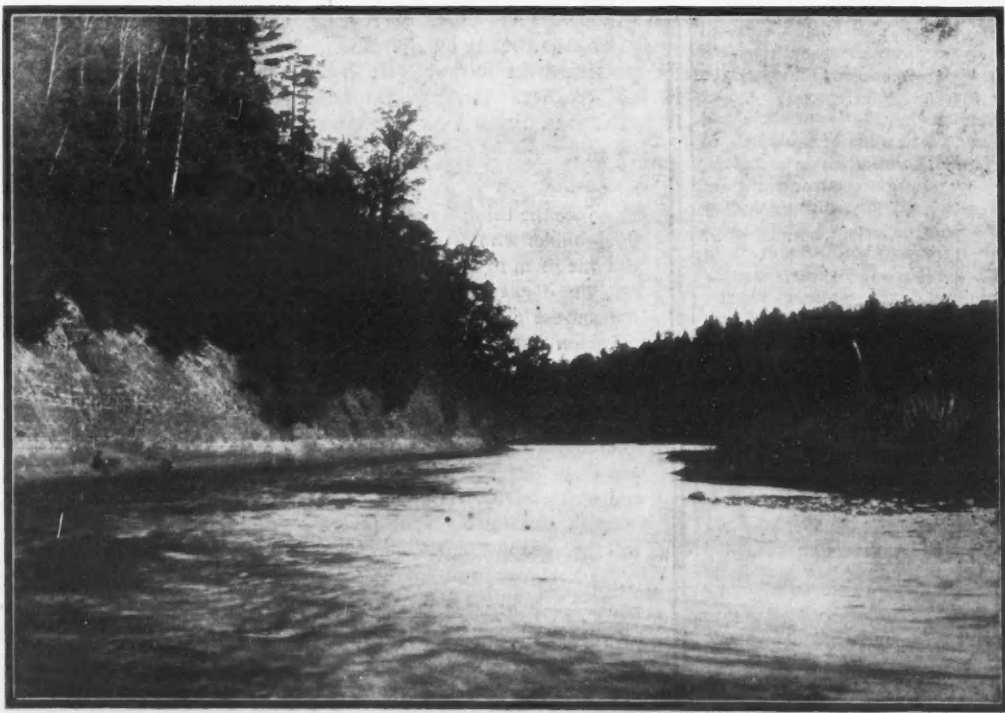
UNDERTAKER  
Telephone M. 831. 285 Yonge Street

## ALEX. MILLARD

UNDERTAKER  
Private Mortuary  
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

## W.H. STONE CO.

Undertakers  
32 CARLTON ST.  
PHONE NORTH 3755



A beautiful scene on Price's dairy farm at Brindale, Ontario.





Graceful proportions, lines that give true and distinctive character are the objective aim of the "Semi-ready" designer and pattern maker.



Just how he has succeeded you can judge for yourself in the Semi-ready Wardrobe.

We won't be content until we have converted you to the higher form of high-class tailoring. For "Semi-ready" means tailor-made and fitted and finished in two hours. A modern achievement—a welcome improvement on old-fashioned tailoring.

Semi-ready Blunoz Serge Sack Suits for \$20.00.  
Dress Suits, \$25.00.  
Tuxedo Coats, \$20.00.  
Dress Suits, silk-lined throughout, \$30.00.

**Semi-ready Tailoring**

81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## Imperial Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

### Half-yearly Statement

31st October, 1907.

#### Profit and Loss Account.

Dividend No. 68, for three months, at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum (paid 1st of August, 1907) .....	\$ 132,487 20	Balance at credit of account 30th April, 1907, brought forward .....	\$ 126,316 31
Dividend No. 69, for three months, at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum (paid 1st of November, 1907) .....	133,382 19	Profits for the six months ended 31st October, 1907, after deducting charges of management and interest due depositors, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for rebate on bills under discount .....	180,927 43
Special Contribution by Shareholders to O. and P. Pension Fund .....	25,000 00		
Balance of Account carried forward .....	324,474 35		
	\$815,343 74		\$815,343 74

#### Rest Account.

Balance at Credit of Account, 30th April, 1907 .....	\$1,773,948 44
Premium received on new Capital Stock .....	50,358 37
	\$4,900,306 81

#### Half-yearly Balance Sheet, 31st October, 1907.

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
Notes of the bank in circulation .....	Gold and Silver
Deposits not bearing interest .....	Coin .....
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date) .....	Domestic Government Notes .....
Deposits by other Banks in Canada .....	Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation .....
Total liabilities to the public .....	Notes of and Cheques on other Banks .....
Capital Stock (paid up) .....	Balance due from other Banks in Canada .....
Reserve Account .....	Balance due from Agents in the United Kingdom .....
Dividend No. 68 (payable 1st November, 1907) for three months, at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum .....	Balance due from Agents in Foreign Countries .....
Rebate on Bills discounted .....	Domestic and Provincial Government Securities .....
Profit and Loss, and other undivided Profits .....	Canadian Municipal Securities, or British or Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian .....
	Railway and other Bonds, Debentures, and Stocks .....
	Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada .....
	Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances .....
	Overdue Debts, (loss provided for) .....
	Real Estate (other than Bank premises) .....
	Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank .....
	Bank Premises, including Safes, Vaults, and Office Furniture, at Head Office and Branches .....
	Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads .....
\$41,925,374 44	\$41,925,374 44

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.

"Is it true, doctor," asked the summer girl, "that eating cucumbers will remove freckles?" "Of course," replied Doctor Kidder, "under certain circumstances." "Really! What circumstances?" "Well, provided the freckles are on the cucumbers,"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Do you prefer hard or soft water?" "Any sort of water is hard for me!"—Transatlantic Tales.

#### Evening on the Prairie.

To-night, dear heart, when the smoke hangs low  
Between my eyes and the sunset's glow  
My heart turns back from the futile town,  
To the plains, where the dusk comes settling down  
Over the prairie we used to know.

And once again 'round the prairie's rim,  
I'm watching the great blue circles skim,  
Bounding the vastness, level and clean  
Of a world wind-winnowed and good and green—  
A world, all luminous, quiet and grand—  
God's bountiful, opulent prairie land.

And now, when sundown is cooling the air—  
The prairie we know and love is fair,  
And clouds of crimson and purple and gold  
Are low to the westward, fold upon fold—  
And oh! what hushes, from far and away,  
Come close to the ground at the end of day!

No peak there catches the sunset gleam.  
No light glint flashes from running stream;  
Far through the distance, unchecked, the eyes  
See only the plain and the golden skies,  
And soul and infinite, face to face,  
Meet on this level of light and space!

—Mary D. McFadden.

Miss Grace Lane, an English actress, who achieved her first success as Babbie in "The Little Minister," tells of her introduction to the author. One night at a Stoke Newington theatre the manager told her that Mr. B— was coming round to see her at the end of the act. She did not catch the name, and thought that a representative of the local paper was seeking a chat with her. "Very well," she answered, and gave the matter no more thought.

At the end of the act she found the manager and a small, delicate-looking man awaiting her; and without stopping for an introduction, Miss Lane started talking nineteen to the dozen, that she might get the interview over and take a little rest in her dressing room before the next act.

"I hope you are enjoying the play," she said, when she had finished giving the astonished young man a long account of her private history and her early professional career.

"Oh, yes," he answered.

"Don't you think it is a pretty play?" she asked.

"Quite a pretty play," was the reply.

"Did you see it at the Haymarket?"

"Oh, yes, I saw quite a lot of it."

You see, I wrote it," said Mr. James Barrie.

Says Archibald MacLise in the current number of the University Magazine: "The best literature in the United States to-day is found in the advertisements. Indeed they are now known technically as 'literature.'" I received these lovely lines by Brown, the Manx Poet, done into an advertisement. To what base uses may not the best poetry come:

"A garden is a lovable thing.  
God wot!  
Rose plot.  
Fringed pool.  
Fern'd Grot—  
The veriest school  
Of peace; and yet the fool  
Contents that God is not—  
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?  
Nay, but I have a sign:  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

It is announced that Edna May is going to write a story of her life and expects an enormous sale. The British people, according to Hall Caine, Jr., would rather read a life story of an actress than an autobiography of a great scientist or a politician. Were the life of Gladstone or Maeterlinck printed 1,000 copies might be sold, but the sale of the book of the life of Phyllis Dare, under a heading "From School to Stage," has already reached 75,000.

The Bachelor—I wonder why a woman always lowers her voice when she has occasion to ask a favor? The Benedict—Oh, it gives her an opportunity to raise it higher in case the favor isn't granted.—Chicago News.

"Why," thunders the New York Mail, which used to print a Bible text at the head of its editorial page, "does the bartender put the change on the only wet spot on the bar?"—Syracuse Post-Standard.



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No. 362. Mahogany, with inlaid lines. Price \$7.50.

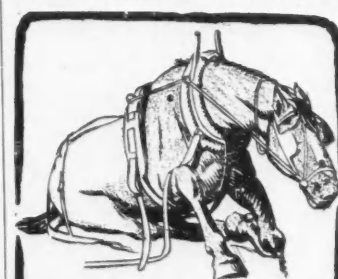
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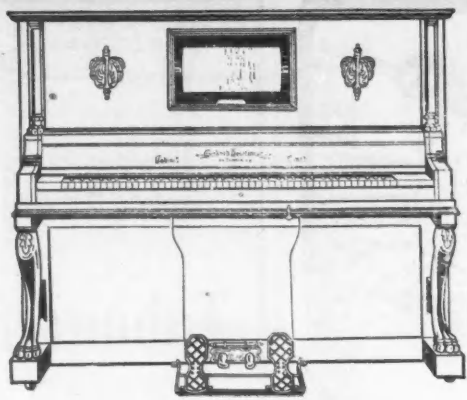
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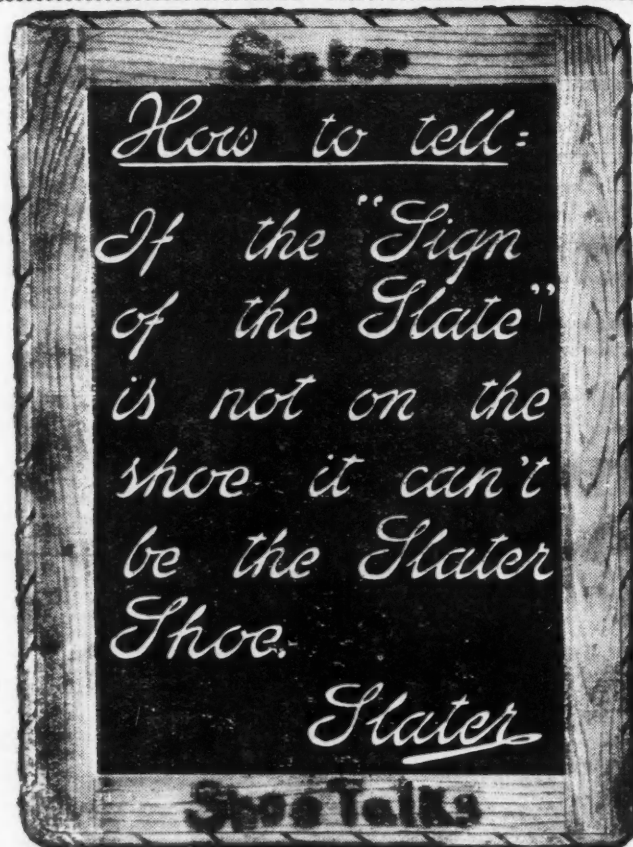
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## Society at the Capital

THE earlier portion of the past week was rather quiet socially, owing no doubt to the fact that everyone was resting after their strenuous efforts of the week previous, when the "Streets of Paris" bazaar held the attention of society in general. It is gratifying to hear that the result of the bazaar will be about \$15,000.

One of the most charming young brides of the season, Mrs. Hamnett P. Hill, Jr., held her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday and Wednesday in her new and exceedingly artistic home in Concession street, the pretty furnishings of which called forth the most enthusiastic expressions of admiration from the large number of her visitors. The drawing-room, which is the embodiment of coziness and comfort combined with good taste, had quantities of large white 'mums prettily arranged about the mantel and tables, and in the dining-room yellow 'mums were used with silver candelabra, shaded in yellow and white. The pretty young hostess wore a most becoming and graceful gown of primrose silk with jeweled vest, and a large knot of violets in the corsage harmonized well with the dainty gown. Her mother, Mrs. Arthur Lindsay, who received with the bride on Tuesday, was extremely handsome in black lace with touches of mauve. Mrs. Alexander Hill and Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Jr., poured tea and coffee on the first day, and were assisted by the bride's sister, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Edith Fielding, and Miss Bessie Hill. On the following afternoon Mrs. Hamnett Hill, Sr., received with her daughter-in-law, and Mrs. Robert Gill, with Miss Jean Lindsay, presided in the dining-room, their charming assistants being Miss Dorothy White, Miss Rose Fleck, and Miss Katherine Christie.

For the third time within a few weeks the Racquet Court was on Friday evening the scene of a brilliant assemblage, gathered this time to celebrate the "coming-out" of Miss Evelyn Powell, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell, who had spared no pains in beautifying the hall for the occasion, and were so successful that seldom before has it looked so perfectly charming—many bright flags were gracefully draped from several large shields above a dado of bright red bunting, which made a most effective background for the light colored evening dresses, and a combination of many colored streamers hung from the sides of the ceiling to the electroliers, the latter being covered with rose-colored shades, which was an immense improvement on the usual brilliant and rather unbecoming glare of the many electric lights. The end of the ballroom was banked with a mass of snowy 'mums with palms and ferns at either side. Mrs. Powell, who seems to possess the secret of retaining perennial youth, was gowned in an exquisitely fashioned lace robe, made over pale pink chiffon, the bodice finished with a softly folded girdle fastened with a diamond clasp. She carried a bouquet of pink roses, and wore a beautiful diamond necklace and ornaments. The tall, fair debutante looked very sweet in a Parisian creation of cream embroidered chiffon with insertions of Limerick lace, and an empire sash of delicately tinted Dresden ribbon. A knot of blue ribbon in her coiffure was most becoming, and her ornaments were pearls and turquoise. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of pink roses, and a mantel near-by laden with offerings of violets, lily of the valley and roses testified to the popularity of the pretty "bud" among her friends both young and old. The ever popular Guards band, stationed in the gallery, which was also banked in palms and ferns, played in its always irresistible manner, and kept the young people on the move without intermission until the early morning hours. The supper-room downstairs was most effectively decorated, the table being done with red roses, white 'mums, and gracefully wreathed smilax. The larger number of the guests were society's younger devotees, including all the happy debutantes, although there was a fair sprinkling of married folk, who, however, left much earlier than those who are just entering the field of action.

Miss Rose Fleck invited a party of her young friends to a delightful and jolly little dinner preceding Mrs. Powell's dance, to which they went on afterwards. Her guests included Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Dorothy White, Miss Claudia Bate, Miss Catherine Chris-



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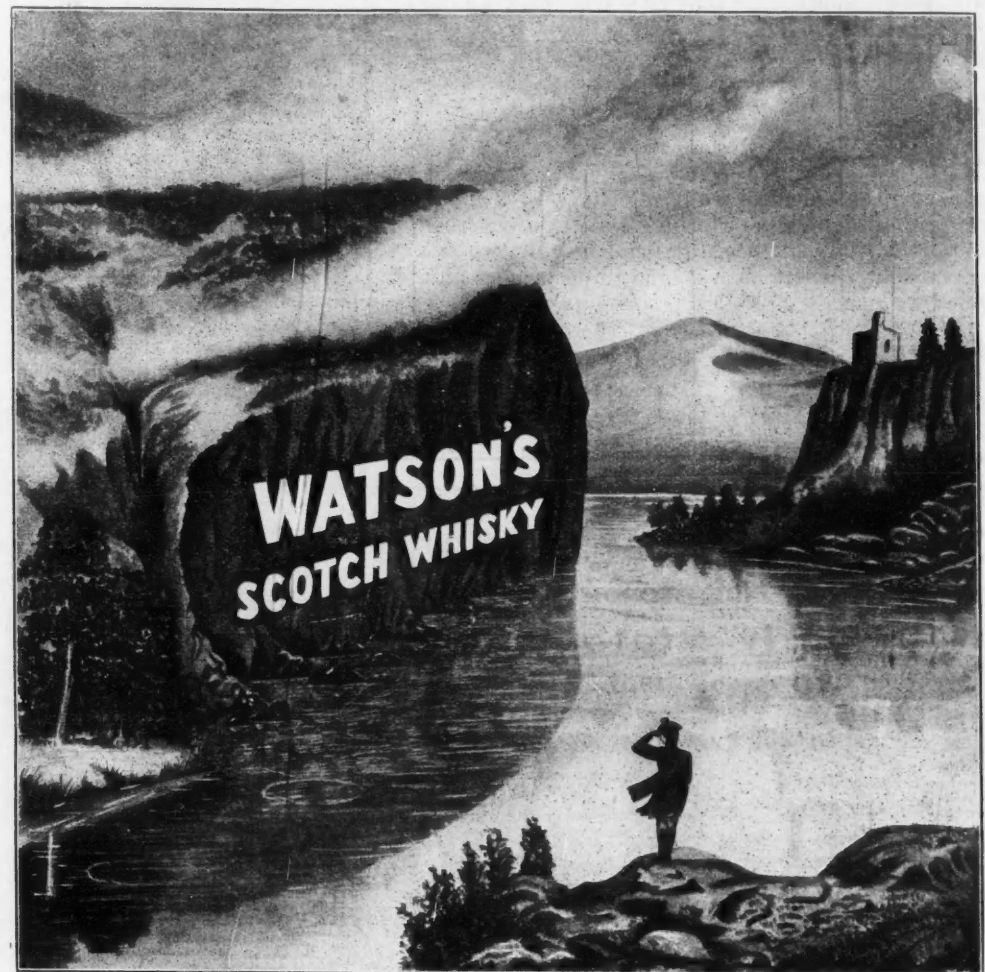
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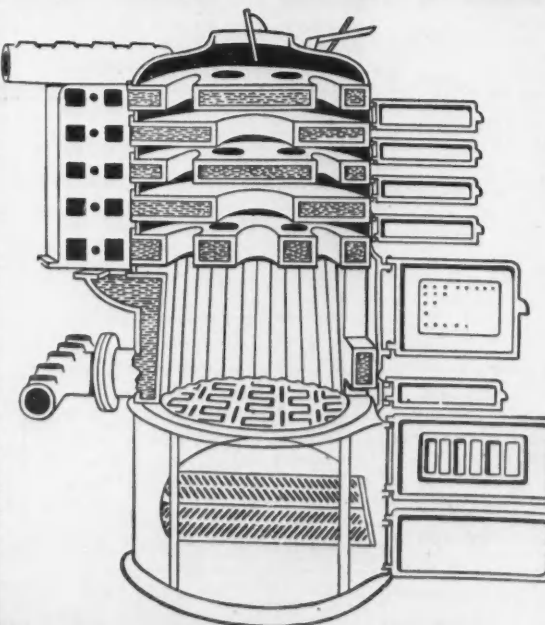
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Miss Helena Hughson, Mr. Ainslie Greene, Mr. Fred Hogg, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Peters, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Charles MacLaren. Mr. Gordon Fleck, who has recently returned to town, was also present.

THE CHAPERONE.  
Ottawa, Nov. 18, 1907.

Not long ago a magazine published a picture representing a group of English authors, whose size in the picture was according to the number of their books sold. It was gratifying to note that Dickens and Thackeray towered head and shoulders above others, dead and living. In

this picture James and Meredith were dwarfs, while Hall Caine came perilously near Thackeray's dimensions.

"Edgar is a splendid talker, isn't he?" "One of the finest I ever escaped from."—Life.